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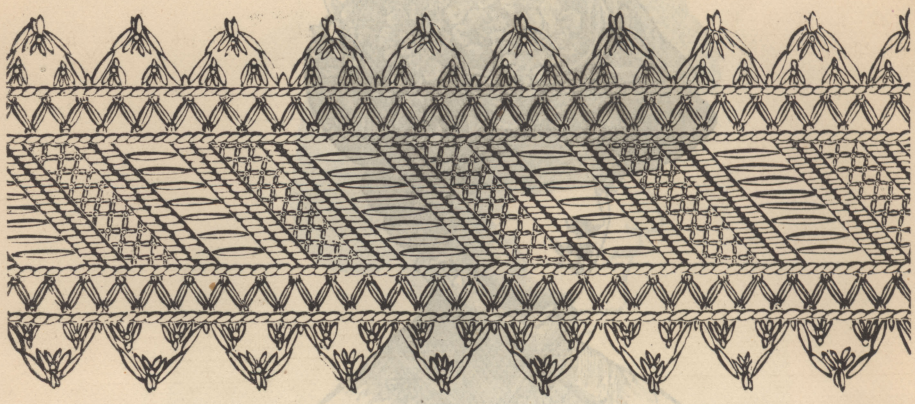

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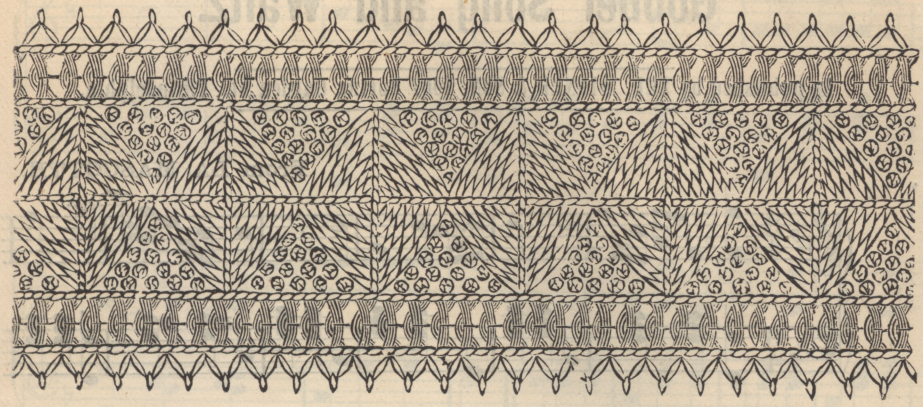

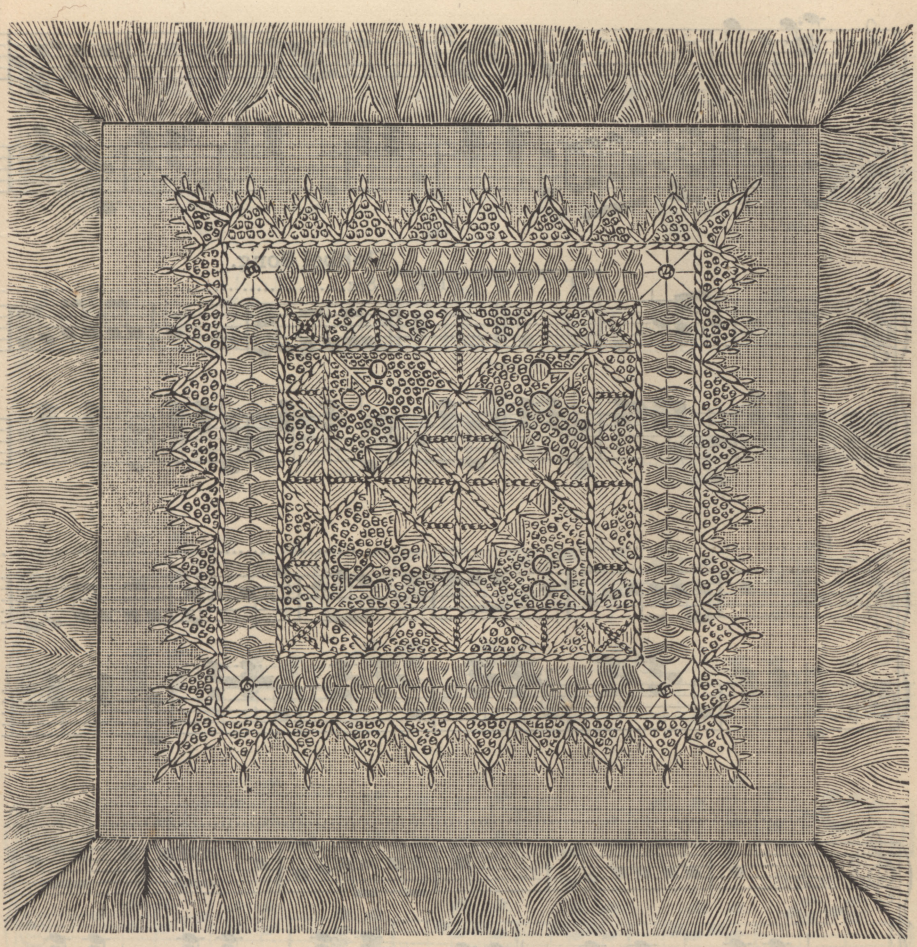

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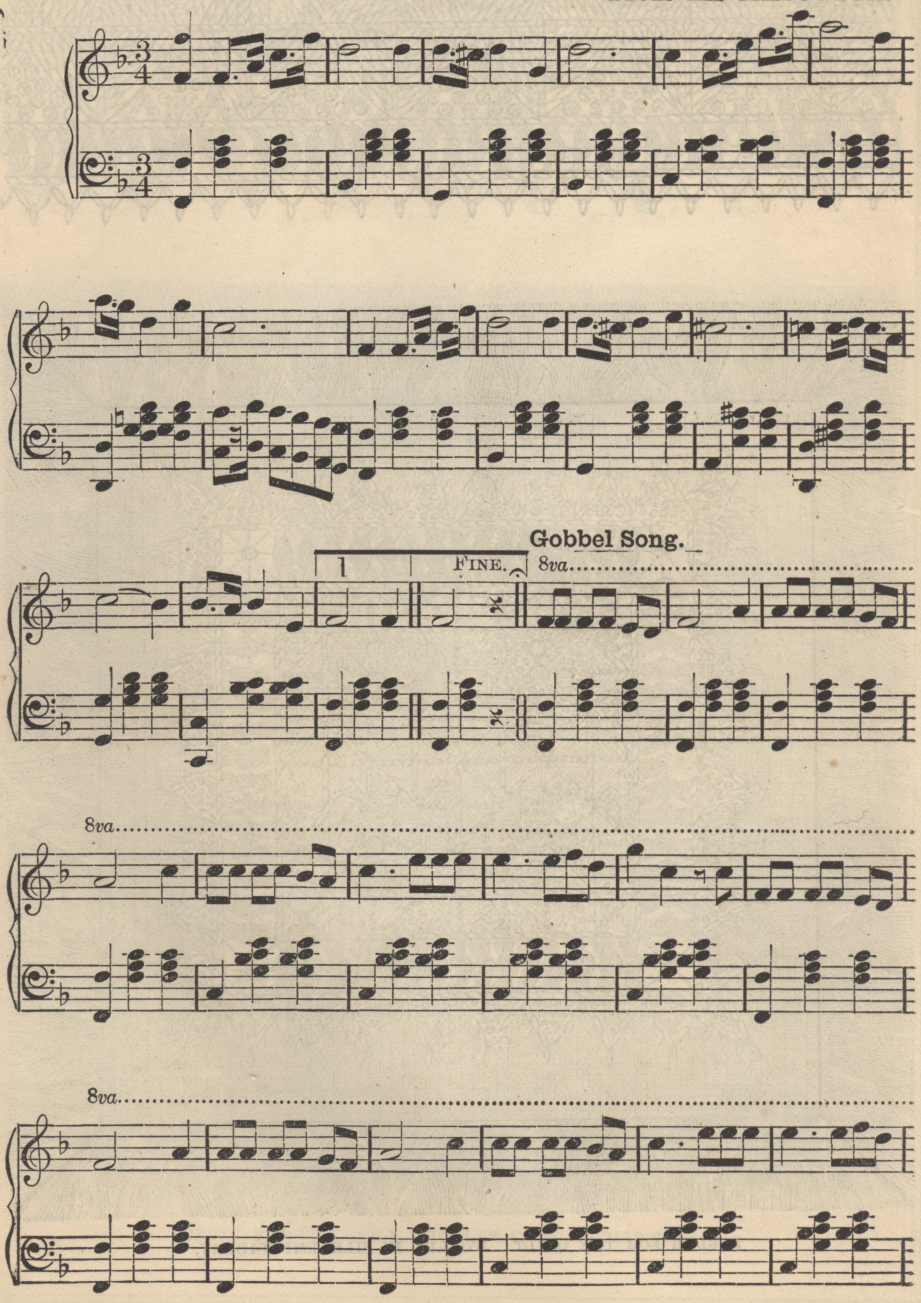

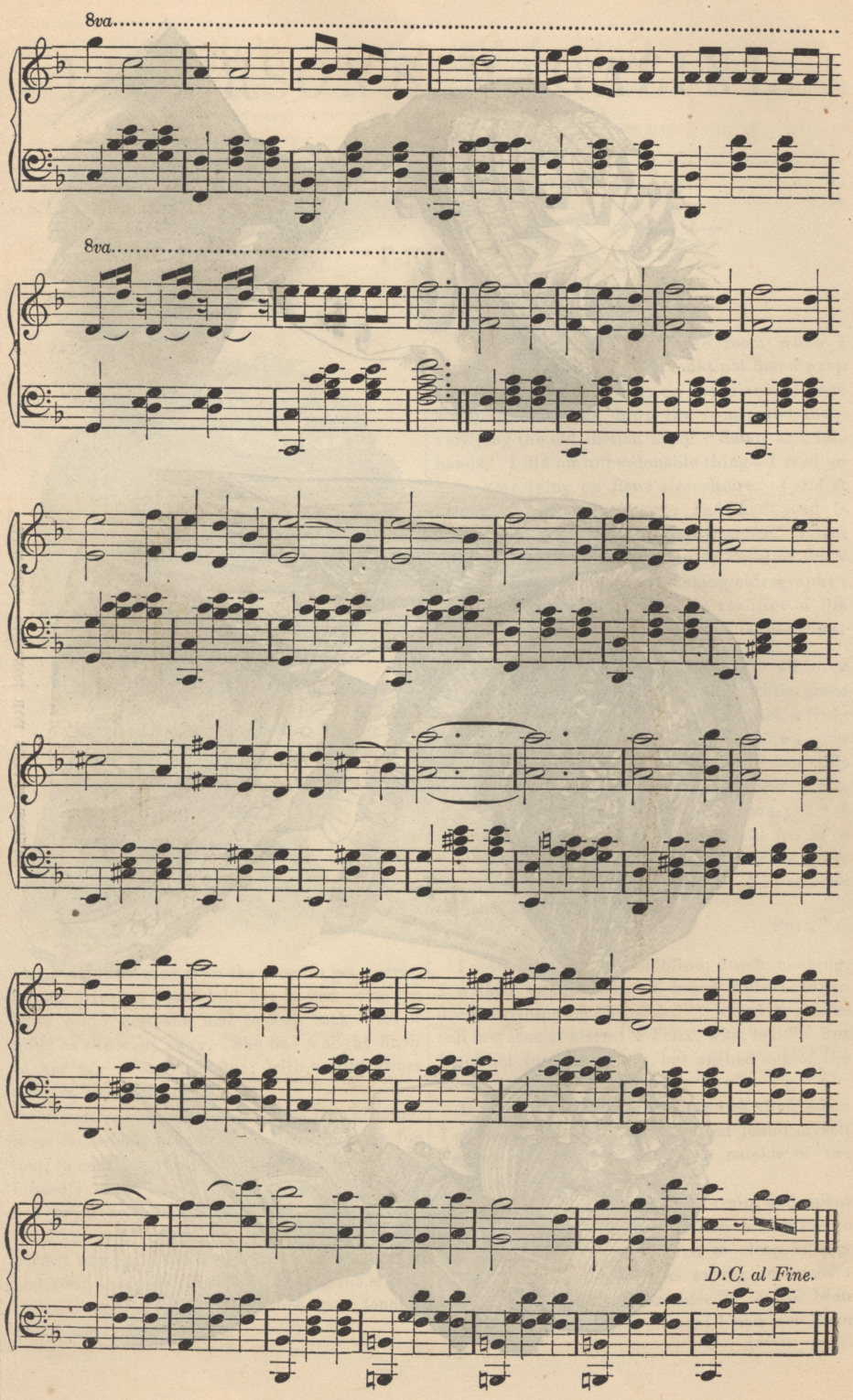
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1883. No. 6.

"PHIL."

BY FANNY DRISCOLL.

SHE had gone from the room to get a wrap for our drive, as I had told her it had come up quite cold; and she had looked back with a smile as she went away. She had a slight flush on her fair, proud face, too; with a deep sweet light in her violet eyes.

She was very calm and cold, this love of mine, Rene Snowden. But I loved her the more for that, in contrast to my own fire and restlessness. I hardly knew how I had won her. So many had tried and failed. She had always been indifferent and disdainful, but she was the one perfect woman in the world for me. No one else had read the pure, unsullied heart; the white, chill nature, that could glow to such warm tenderness beneath love's magic.

I was wandering about the room while I waited; for apparently she could not find a wrap at once. I drummed idly on the piano; I took a few turns up and down the room; and then, verifying the old distich about "Satan and idle hands," I did an unpardonable thing—I read an open note lying on Rene's escritoire. I did it mechanically, on my word; and had read it before I realized my own impertinence. I had looked at it idly; a square, heavy sheet of ivory paper, written over with a dashing chirography; but I was brought to the vivid realities of life suddenly enough upon its perusal. It read thus:

"HAVE I lost you, my Rene? Is all over between us now? And such a little while, since we made our vows to each other! Such a little while, since you were the snow to my fire—such a little while since we parted! And now, this usurper has come between us! How can I forgive you? And yet I must always love you. I will be with you on the fifteenth. Let me have you to myself for a little while; for a little while be all my own, as in the old days. You owe me this much. Your despairing

PHIL."

I read it twice. I felt blind, dumb, choking. I walked to the door. I heard Rene's silken dress swishing on the stair. I heard her voice call in a tone of alarm: "Felix, what is it?" But I did not turn nor speak, but rushed out of the house.

It must have been an hour or two after, when I awoke to life and the world, and found myself driving madly along the roads outside of the town, with my brain on fire.

That night, I took the night-train, and spent a week rushing frantically from one place to another, never stopping even to sleep at any hotel. All the time I was saying to myself: "How can a woman be so false?" I had been a slave. From the first moment I had met Rene

Snowden, I had been bound hand and foot. She was a woman of the world—I was warned: beautiful and dazzling; and played with men's hearts as a child with toys. But I had not believed it. I had thought her "pure womanly." But now I woke from my delusion. What a fool I had been. I had thought—ah! had she not told me, with that flush in her lily-face, with that light in her sapphire eyes?—that no other man had kissed the scarlet, tender mouth; that no other man had held her in his arms; that only for me had her heart awakened.

Fool! Did they not all say that? Were they not all, every daughter of Eve, faithless and contemptible? Had I wandered about the world all these years, to be beguiled at last by a Delilah, because her face was like a snow-flower, and the sunshine lay in her silken hair? But the proud tenderness—the reserved sweetness—the gracious calm! She had chosen her weapons well. This fair hauteur went farther with a man than all the wild abandon of a less practiced, less artful woman.

At last I came home. Weeks had passed. I was striving to get back into the old ways—to feel the old interests. But I was succeeding miserably. The morning after my return, as I was sauntering idly along, an elegant little turn-out pulled up briskly to the curb, and a light, gay voice greeted me.

"Felix Hawthorne," it said, "*are* you coming to my party, to-morrow night? You have been very rude, for you have not answered my invitation. No one has known anything about you. Where have you been? We have all wondered and conjectured in vain. You look a little under the weather. Is there anything an old friend can do for you?" And a frank hand was extended from the window, and the charming face looked, a little smiling, a little grave, into mine.

"I have been very busy," I said. "Some unexpected complications in business have called me away, and absorbed every moment of my time, for two or three weeks. I throw myself on your mercy, Mrs. Chanfrau, and if you will have such a worthless lounger, I will drop in to-morrow night."

"Felix, I don't more than half believe you. You don't look well," was the reply; and as the carriage drove away, I saw the pretty, bright face watching me anxiously. "Dear little woman," I said to myself; "how kind you seem. Doubtless, you are as bad as the rest of them," I added, cynically, "if one but knew it."

I had not looked at my letters yet, and so had not read her invitation. Yes! I had looked at one. Rene had sent her servant with a little note, the very night "Phil's" letter had wrought such evil in me, and my servant brought it to me at once; but I had returned it unopened, and without a word.

Next night, a little before midnight, I sought Mrs. Chanfrau's house. Everything she did was perfect, in its way; and if society was ever agreeable, it was in her artistic rooms; beneath her smiles it put on its most honeyed look, and rounded off its phrases with an elaborateness that ought to have made one believe in them.

As I made my way to her, she came forward and put her hand on my arm.

"You do look so very grumpy, Felix," she said, "that I must introduce you at once to my new *protegé*. If anything can brighten you up, it is she. Everyone is in raptures over her. But I warn you: my rose has thorns. Ah! here she is. Miss Everingham, Mr. Hawthorne; Felix, my new friend, Miss Everingham."

I saw a piquant face, like a poppy; dusk and rich; with flashing dark eyes; dark, smooth skin, and crimson lips. She was clad in sombre, barbaric draperies, and looked like some tropical bird, or bud, in her lithe, glowing beauty. I was prepared to be very amiable. But the smile with which she greeted me, at first, faded away as she caught my name; and she bowed frigidly and turned to our hostess, and away from me. Roselle looked surprised, but rattled on, in her lively way. Miss Everingham answered all my remarks with icy monosyllables; and finally, when a blonde and insipid youth came to claim her for a dance, she left me without a word or look, but gave him a brilliant smile of welcome.

By-and-by, I found myself in a quadrille, opposite Miss Everingham. She did not notice me. I might as well have been made of wood. It amused me, at last, to watch her studied neglect and scorn of me, her brightness for everyone else. Yet why did she treat me in this way? I had never heard her name in my life before. How, then, could I be guilty in any way toward her? One thing I noticed: Rene was not there. I had expected her, of course, as she and Roselle were dear friends. Once I heard some one say: "A party does not seem natural without Miss Snowden; it is like the play of 'Hamlet,' with Hamlet left out, don't you know."

"I have not seen her out, even for a drive, for a week or two. I wonder what new whim it is?"

The people had begun to go. I had stepped

into the library, seeking Mrs. Chanfrau, to make my adieux, when I heard a voice I recognized.

"See if you can find my fan, please," it said. "I left it on the window-cushions, in the music-room, I think. I will wait for you here."

The next instant, a young man brushed past me meekly, in search of the fan.

Half hidden in a big chair, I saw Miss Everingham. I went over to her, and she looked up scornfully, and in displeased surprise. But I was determined to know the reason of her conduct.

"When a man is condemned to be hung, Miss Everingham," I said, coolly, "the Judge always distinctly states the nature of his crime, before administering the sentence. Have you any objections to letting me know what I have done?"

She looked at me a moment very steadily, even contemptuously, I am constrained to say.

"Mr. Hawthorne, when I tell you that I am Rene Snowden's cousin, and dearest friend, you can hardly ask for further information. The fact that no one but I will ever know of your baseness, is the reason that you will still be treated as a gentleman by the world at large."

Before I could reply, the young lady had swept from the room.

I passed a sleepless night. What could she mean? By morning I had reached a conclusion. I called myself weak and poor in spirit; but I would go to Rene. I would, at least, hear what she had to say.

The servant ushered me into the morning-room. It was untenanted. But I heard voices behind the curtains that concealed a little inner sanctuary, that was Rene's boudoir. As I stood, uncertain whether to go further, and cursing the stupidity of the servant who had not announced me, I heard Rene's voice. My heart, in spite of myself, leaped up at the sweet, weary tones.

"Phillys, darling," she was saying, "Papa has consented to go, so we need not be separated."

"I am so glad!" a fervent voice answered, that I recognized also. "But it isn't the old Rene—dear, *can't* you forget?"

I did not wait to hear Rene's answer. Something within me compelled me to push back the portière, and I found myself in the presence of Rene and Miss Everingham.

The latter looked up at me, perfectly mutinous. She stepped back with a gesture of aversion, and stood at Rene's side as if to protect her friend.

Rene herself started and turned pale as she saw me, and drew herself up coldly.

"Mr. Hawthorne," she said, icily, "you were unannounced. I suppose you wish to see Papa?"

"I wish no one in the world but you, Rene," I cried, the scales seeming suddenly to fall from my eyes. "I have been the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth. I could not live longer without you, and came this morning to hear your extenuation—and tell you mine. I have been an arrant fool, perhaps worse; for I have doubted your truth." She gave another quick start. "But I love you—I have always loved you—I will love you until I die. And I ask you to forgive the wrong I feel I must have done you; for, looking upon you now, in the face of everything, I know you to be high and pure."

Her face had grown whiter and whiter, and her great sweet eyes were looking at me wistfully. Miss Everingham stood by her, but a little in advance, and was facing me with mutinous dark eyes.

Before Rene could speak, her friend broke forth, scornfully:

"You think you can abuse and wrong the tenderest, purest heart that ever beat," she said, "and then come, in your own sweet time, and be forgiven? How dare you? What right have you to be pardoned?"

"Hush, Phil!"

It was Rene's low, even voice that thus broke in upon the other's passionate anger.

A light all at once flashed upon me, at that word "Phil."

"Listen to me, Rene," I cried, breathlessly. "The morning that I waited for you, the last time I was here, I wandered around, and finally committed the unpardonable offense of reading a slip of paper on your desk—a page, filled with despairing and passionate love, signed 'Phil.'"

Miss Everingham started violently, and then stepped toward me with an eager gesture. But I continued, passionately:

"I had set you up so high in my soul, Rene, that this blow crushed me. The whole world was changed to me, and I believed you false. But I came here this morning, willing to believe you all that I once believed—"

Suddenly a riant, joyous voice broke in:

"*I* am Phil," it cried; "Rene always said I would get myself into trouble with my theatrical notes, in the days when we had sworn eternal maidenhood and fealty to each other. Why don't you speak, Rene? You won't let him go now dear? He has loved you all the time—and what if you had read a note like that, written to Mr. Hawthorne, and signed 'Maud'—would not you have been cruelly hurt?"

But the curtains had fallen behind Miss Phillys Everingham, as she swept into the other room, and Rene and I were alone in the boudoir. Rene was in my arms.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY MARY MIDDLEMORE.

Be still, oh wayward heart, and make no sign,
His footstep draweth nigh;
Chain as with steel those quick'ning throbs divine,
When he is by.

Hang out no crimson signal, conscious cheek,
For his quick eyes to see.
Betray not what my lips are slow to speak;
It must not be.

If e'er he comes on bended knee to sue,
I shall not turn away;
But till he speaks the words that lovers do,
My heart I sway.

My wayward heart that fain would break away,
And seek its very own;
But, foolish wayward heart, until that day
Be thou as stone.

"MISTRESS SOFT-EYES."

BY MAUDE EWELL.

CHAPTER I.

One dewy August morning, more than twenty years ago, a young gentleman was traveling in Virginia. He had suddenly remembered, when his summer vacation came, that he had some cousins in Fairfax County, who would doubtless be charmed to see him, for they had given him more than one invitation. So he sent them a letter of warning, and deciding that a horseback ride was the best thing for his health, he secured a tall, raw-boned creature with a swift trot, but mischief in her eyes, and began his journey.

Being town-bred, he did not ride with much grace or agility; but he managed to keep his seat, nevertheless. At last he saw, in the distance, a house, faintly discernible through a wilderness of trees, and was wondering if it could be his destination, when there was a crackling sound, the flutter of something white in a thicket of damson trees near by, and his horse suddenly shied, flinging off his rider; after which exploit the animal ran gayly away.

As our hero rolled into a little stony gully by the roadside, he heard a gurgle of laughter, and glancing up, saw two bright eyes making merry over his discomfiture. Simultaneously, a sharp pain shot through the arm on which he had fallen. He felt that the laugh was an insult, under these circumstances. He scrambled up, but it was only to sink back again, with a feeling of deadly sickness.

"Mercy!" said a penitent voice over his shoulder. "I'm very sorry I laughed at you, sir. I didn't know you were hurt." And scrambling over the fence, the speaker, a young girl, eyed him sympathetically. "Oh, how pale you look!" she cried. "I'm mighty sorry; I'm afraid it was my fault—you know, I didn't want you to see me. Is it broken?" She took hold of the arm and moved it up and down, and when he exclaimed with the pain, dropped it in great alarm. "It's broken right in two pieces," she said, solemnly; "you'll have to go home with me and let us send for the doctor. My sister Frances will do all she can for you—come."

He got up unsteadily and went with her. They soon reached a dilapidated gateway with stone pillars, but no gate; and in the neglected avenue Mr. Winston found his horse cropping the tall grass contentedly. In the distance was the house, with doors and windows wide open; big and high; with an unfinished look, suggestive of disappointed aspirations; the windows shutterless, and the great porch in front, reached by a long flight of steps, destitute of railing or ornament; but the creeping trumpet-vine that clung around it, and the acacia branches that embraced its roof, picturesquely making up for all deficiencies.

He sank upon the sofa as soon as he reached the large and lofty, but desolate, parlor, and was at once surrounded by the ladies of the family. "Quick," said one, who seemed an elder sister, addressing his late companion, "run, Anastasia, and send Uncle Jack for the doctor, and tell father to come. Run!" It seemed to him that there was a look of pleased excitement on Mistress Anastasia's face as she flew out of the room. Presently there entered a dingy, deprecatory little gentleman, who hovered around with the air of one not yet wakened from a dream, watching his daughter's movements with startled eyes. The doctor was not long in coming. He also wore an expression of pleased excitement; and the twilight found Mr. Winston quite comfortable, the dingy little gentleman near at hand, and his daughters flitting softly in and out.

"I'm very sorry fo' this," said the little gentleman. He spoke in a hesitating way, and chopped his words off in the true old Virginia fashion. "I since'ly regret—that is I'm glad—I mean—well, of cou'se, not that exactly, but I'm sho' I can't express the pleasu'e I feel at having you here. 'Tis an ill wind'—you know the old proverb, ah?"

"Thank you, sir," replied Winston, "you are all extremely kind;" and he then proceeded to give some account of himself.

"Charles Wins'on!" cried the other, rising in some excitement; "yo' cousin Tom lives five miles from here, but you have relations in this house, sir, who are as glad to see you as he would be. Francis Hathaway is my name, sir. I s'pose you've heard yo' father speak of me. I'm yo' third cousin, sir, twice removed. Charles Wins'on—what pleasant rec'lections of the past that name brings up! I'm happy to make yo' 'quaintance, sir." And clasping Mr. Winston's hand with cousinly fervor he plunged into a

minute explanation of the relationship between them, involving the histories of several generations of Winstons and Hathaways, an explanation which had a most confusing effect on his hearer, who was lost in the hopeless entanglement of names and dates.

When the ladies appeared again they were presented to "Our cousin, my dears, Mr. Charles Wins'on;" and they greeted the newly-found relative with kindly smiles that pleased and touched him. Miss Frances, the eldest, was tall and angular, with a face that was still pretty, though careworn; her eyes expressed patient anxiety; and her whole appearance showed that she was much older than the younger sister. The latter, Miss Anastasia, in face and figure was at least fifteen; but she was dressed like a child of ten, in a short frock and a long-sleeved high-necked apron. Her light-brown hair was put back, and tied with a bit of faded ribbon. Everything in the house, however, seemed faded but her eyes and complexion. The quaint simplicity of her attire, the demure yet graceful poise of the well-shaped head and shoulders, pleased Mr. Winston's critical eyes; and he lay watching her from his shadowy place on the sofa, while he talked to Mr. Hathaway and Miss Frances, or rather listened while they talked to him; for Mistress Soft-Eyes, as he mentally christened the younger sister, was as mute as a mouse, not only at first, but during all the evening.

The fracture of the arm proved to be a simple one, and healed rapidly; and Winston was so well contented with his quarters that he cheerfully resigned all idea of going farther; indeed, he did not even send an explanation to his cousin Tom; and that gentleman probably thought, if he thought of it at all, that the visit had been given up. The whole place was surrounded by such an atmosphere of dreamy quiet; it seemed so secluded among its encircling trees, that he could not shake off the feeling of being miles and miles away from any other house. The more he saw, meantime, of the Hathaways, the better he liked them; they were the best, the kindest, the most unpractical people in the world, he thought; and he sighed to see the evidences that they were sinking down, slowly but surely, into poverty, perhaps want. The head of the house dreamed away his innocent life in seeming unconsciousness that his property was slipping out of his hands; that his house was fairly tumbling down over his head. The only books he read were the Spectator, Pope, Swift, and other writers of a hundred years ago; his ancestors had bought the books when they were new, and he had never added to them. There was not even a newspaper. He had an invalid sister, Miss Margaret, and an only son, who had gone to try his luck in that boundless field of adventure vaguely called "the West."

"He is trying to retrieve our fallen fortunes," said Miss Frances, with a little touch of that pathetic pride which has come to look on fallen fortunes as its just and honorable heritage. Miss Frances shared her father's forgetfulness of the flight of time; she treated Anastasia like a child, and dressed her in the short frocks and long aprons that she had made for her five years ago; meanwhile the little romp of ten had grown tall and womanly, with the step and eyes of a gazelle.

Anastasia was Winston's most constant companion during those long, pleasant, languid days, when he lay on the sofa, or lounged about the big shady garden; for Miss Frances was busy with her household affairs. Our hero treated her in a patronizing, elder-brotherly fashion, that did not seem to give offense; it pleased him to hear her frank childish talk; she impressed him as being a charming contrast to most of the city-bred girls he knew.

CHAPTER II.

"SOFT-EYES," he said, one day, twisting a long flexuous lock of her hair around his finger, with dangerous cousinly familiarity, "don't you ever get tired of your life in this lonely place? Don't you sometimes wish you could go away, and see something of gayety, and mix with other girls?"

She met his inquisitive eyes with a startled flash of her own.

"What makes you ask me that?" she said, quickly. "Do you think it so very dull and tiresome?"

"Oh, no," he answered. "I like it very much; but then, I have you all to talk to and amuse me. Besides, I'm company, you know. But you've lived here ever since you were born, and your sister and aunt are so much older—that I think you would want a companion—somebody nearer your own age, I mean."

"No, I don't," said Anastasia, loyally, though something in the sudden gravity of her face told Winston that he had suggested a feeling not unknown to her, if unconfessed. "This is my home. I love it, and I would rather live here than at any other place. I don't get lonely here, and I don't want any young companion. Father, and sister, and aunt, and Uncle Jack, are my companions—there!"

Her tone of defiance amused him, and he pur-

sued his inquiries, though conscience pricked him, as he said:

"But wouldn't you like to go visiting, sometimes? Say to parties, with a white dress on, and—and flowers in your hair, and things like that?"

Here, as Mr. Winston's ideas of fashionable dress were of the vaguest kind, his description broke down ignominiously.

"I don't know," she answered, with a little falter of indecision. "I never thought about it much. Perhaps, if I were rich, I would like it. But I do go out sometimes," with animated pride. "Sister and I go to spend the day at places—our neighbors, you know; but I don't like that much," with a little shiver. "Oh, it's so tiresome to sit and listen to people talking over one's head; for they never talk to me. I suppose it's not polite to take a book and read, or I might enjoy that. And I hate the girls I see—indeed I do—they giggle, and look at each other; and I think they are laughing at me in my old faded frock. They have beautiful dresses, all sorts of pretty colors, with ribbons and things—nice and new; but my frocks are always made out of somebody's old ones. Why, I declare," cried she, with the air of one suddenly awakened to surprise at some long familiar fact, "I can't remember—I don't think I ever had anything new in my whole life."

Winston laughed to conceal the effect of this pathetic little confession. Remembering what Miss Frances had said about the fallen fortunes of the family, he was able to understand the cause of Anastasia's mortifying experience.

"Never mind, Soft-Eyes," he said, with a thrill of generous indignation, at sight of some tears that had risen in her eyes. "Beauty is beautiful in the shabbiest garments; you have that for your consolation. And then your turn will certainly come. When I am married, you must come to see my wife and me. You and I are cousins, you know."

"Are you going to be married?" asked Anastasia, with sudden, startled interest.

"Yes," he answered. "Sometime—perhaps next year—I don't know. Do you want to see my sweetheart's picture?"

He took out an ambrotype as he spoke, which represented a pretty coquettish face, of the pink and white style, looking from an aureola of golden curls. How different from the latent passion and noble outlines of that face that bent over it now with such attentive grace.

"She's beautiful," said Anastasia, warmly. Then, drawing a little nearer: "I suppose you love her very much. Tell me, Cousin Charley, do you really feel like that? It must be very singular."

"Like what?" he asked, rather shortly, and with a little frown.

"Oh, like people do in books, when they are in love. Like Romeo—like Troilus—like Valentine, when he was in love with Sylvia. Don't you remember what he said?"

And her voice took on a thrilling vibration, as she repeated those passionate lines—who does not know their beauty?—beginning:

> "What light is light if Sylvia be not seen?
> What joy is joy if Sylvia be not by?"

"Is that the way you feel, Cousin Charley?" she cried. "It must be very strange. Is your love like that?"

"No," he answered. "I am not so unfortunate. You see, I enjoy many things in the absence of my fair lady. Lovers now are more commonplace and—less devoted, I suppose."

"Well, do you think people ever feel so, except in books?" asked Mistress Soft-Eyes, with incredulity in her tone. "It must be very singular—and—and inconvenient. Indeed, I don't think I could ever love anyone so much."

"Oh, I don't know," said Winston, in his most elder-brotherly manner. "Some people are more impulsive and self-forgetful than others, and perhaps devotion has grown tame and cool in these degenerate days. You see, the difficulties are not so great—fair ladies are so easily won—"

"Oh," interrupted she, with a little horrified start. "Easily won? But how can they be? Why, I would never, never let anybody think that I liked them—in that way," with a vivid blush, "unless I was very sure; unless they had proved, over and over again, that they loved me better than anybody or anything else in the whole world. But I don't suppose that I shall ever be troubled about such things. I don't suppose anybody will try to win me," folding her hands with a soft little sigh.

He looked at the beautiful face and smiled, but said nothing. The subject was distasteful to him, and he was sorry to have introduced it. He looked at the picture, and somehow it had lost a faint glamor that used to belong to its prettiness. The image of the original, that imagination once made so beautiful, seemed to have grown dim and uninteresting. Winston wondered to himself how he had drifted so easily into that engagement. She certainly had not been hard to win. She had somewhat resembled a ripe peach, that drops unexpectedly into the idle hand that merely caresses its downy beauty.

Suddenly, Anastasia burst into a laugh.

"Why, how funny it would be," she cried, "to see you married. I cannot imagine it."

"But why?" he asked, the least bit chagrined.

"Oh, you are so young. You don't seem so very much older than I am. Yo' face," dropping into her Virginia accent, "is smooth, and yo' eyes like a boy's. Oh, it would be ridiculous."

The cool gray depths of Mr. Winston's eyes showed a passing breeze of irritation; for he had always been sensitive about his boyish appearance.

"Do you think so?" he said. Then he made an effort to change the subject. "So you read Shakespeare," he added, "and learn the most romantic parts by heart—eh, Soft-Eyes?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with a blush. "I don't learn it. I only read it over once or twice, and it comes to me afterwards. Yes, I have read all the plays. I like them better than anything else. I have read all the books in the house; but I like Shakespeare best."

Then with that womanly cleverness that sometimes startled him, she discussed, with no small amount of critical insight, the relative merits and genius of those dull old volumes, that had failed to satisfy her healthy intellectual thirst.

"Did you ever read any of Scott's novels?" he asked. "Do you know anything of Byron, and Shelley, and Wordsworth? Or Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Hawthorne?"

"Why, I never even heard of them," with great humility. "I suppose the books I have read are very old-fashioned now. I don't like novels one bit. We have Clarissa and Sir Charles Grandison; but they are so foolish and tiresome; and as for Peregrine Pickle, and Tom Jones, and all of them, I hate 'em; they are detestable."

"I'll send you some of my books when I go home," he said, "some that I know you will like. I go, you know, to-morrow. You must write to me, Soft-Eyes, won't you?"

"I can't promise," she answered. "I never wrote a letter in my life. You would be shocked at my handwriting and bad spelling. Oh, you don't know how ignorant I am. I never went to school a single day."

She watched him anxiously, to see the effect of this shocking revelation; and brightened when he only laughed, and said:

"Don't grieve about it, Soft-Eyes. The effect of this disadvantage has not quite uncivilized you. But how did it happen?"

"We have been so poor," was her reply, "ever since I can remember, that there was no money to send me to school. I used to say my lessons to Sister Frances; but she was always so busy, and then she had forgotten some things; and I always hated to do sums and write copies; and so," she concluded, meekly, "I'm afraid I didn't learn as much as I ought."

When the next day came, Miss Frances gave him a cousinly kiss, and a kindly invitation to come again. Then he turned to where Anastasia stood, looking very grave.

"Good-by, Soft-Eyes," he said. "Don't forget that you are to write to me; and think of me when you read the books I'm going to send."

He took her hand, as he spoke, and made a motion as if to kiss her; but she snatched her hand away, and cried, with a sudden burst of tears: "I don't want to kiss you—there!" and rushed out of the room. Somehow, a faint electrical thrill shot through him. What did it mean? He broke into a nervous little laugh, and blushed crimson.

All that day, and for many days after, Mr. Winston was haunted by the memory of two lovely tearful eyes—Anastasia's eyes, when they last met his own. It made him angry.

"Pshaw!" thought he, "I'm surely not such a weak-minded fool as to fall in love with a child like that—when I am engaged to another woman, too. A man of my age, full twenty-six, ought to know better. It's absurd."

But the haunting eyes continued to trouble him. He wrote to the Hathaways, and received, after some delay, a kind answer from Miss Frances, in quaint boarding-school-composition style. Then he sent another letter, and the books he had promised Anastasia: some of the Waverley novels, David Copperfield, and several little blue gilt-edged volumes of his favorite poetry. The thanks and acknowledgment came, after awhile, in a little note, all on one side of the paper, in a large, stiff, scrawling hand; a very polite and ceremonious little letter, that Mr. Winston put away in his pocket-book, taking it out sometimes to read it, with an amused smile, then laying the little scrap of paper tenderly back again. But his next letter was not answered for a long time, and the next not at all. So his correspondence with the Hathaways died a natural death, and the remembrance of his stay with them seemed like a dream, though a dream that had made a lasting impression upon him.

Meantime, his engagement had been broken. But not by him. For while he was struggling to regain his old consistency, and wasting time in angry self-accusations for his indifference, there came a letter from the lady—she had not the courage to tell him when they met, the evening before, for, poor fellow, what a blow it would be to him—begging to be released from her

promise. Ah, with what a sigh of relief he had read that letter. Let us tell the honest truth. After that visit to Virginia, he had fancied his fiancée changed. The chatter was tiresome to him, that he had once thought so amusing; her songs were stale and commonplace; and one day, when he detected a dash of rouge on her plump cheeks, rebellious memory showed him Anastasia's tender generous bloom. He was a man of too much honor to have broken the engagement; but do you think he was sorry when it was broken by the lady herself?

CHAPTER III.

The next year the war broke out between the North and the South, and many summers and winters passed before Winston heard of his cousins in Virginia. Meantime, how had it fared with them? Badly enough, heaven knows, especially with Anastasia. The contentment she had confessed to Cousin Charles left her, after that day when she so passionately refused to kiss him. Neglectful of her former duties and amusements, she moved with fitful steps through the dull house, while Miss Frances and Miss Margaret, noting the lustre of her eyes, the flickering blaze of color in her cheeks, glanced at each other in surprise. "How pretty she was," they said, with admiring exultation. They observed her unusual silence; but with a kindly delicacy left her to herself.

All this while she thought of Winston, with a shrinking consciousness that he had wounded her, though she would have died sooner than acknowledge it. The books he had sent her were read and re-read with keen delight. But his kind answer to her poor little note of thanks somehow made her angry, and produced one of those unreasonable bursts of crying that had lately grown common with her when alone. "I wish that he had never come here," she said to herself; "I wish he had never come. What right had he to tell me about things he knew I could never have? I know he despises me, and looks on me as ignorant and foolish. I know he laughs when he thinks of me—of this place—of all of us. Oh, I hate him! I wish—I wish he had not come."

Miss Frances realized that her child had grown into a woman, when, after awhile, Anastasia left off her long aprons and arranged her dress as far as possible in more womanly fashion. The poor girl also collected some old school-books and began to study them, fitfully at first, but afterwards with increasing interest and perseverance. Then, when she was growing more like her old self again, only older, graver, more womanly, the war came on; and for years nothing was thought of, North or South, but battles, but sorrow, but desolation, but death. Young Hathaway hurried home from the West, joined the Confederate Army, and fell at Gettysburg. Poor old Mr. Hathaway, when he heard this fatal news, was seized with a paralysis from which—the doctor told Miss Frances—he could never recover. Then, in less than a month after, Miss Margaret took a fever and died. When peace came, Miss Frances and Anastasia found themselves more desolate and poverty-stricken than ever. All the servants had long been gone, all except Uncle Jack, whose fidelity, not to say his age, forbade such an idea. Miss Frances devoted her days to the care of the poor helpless old gentleman, while Anastasia was cook, housemaid, washerwoman, everything; for Uncle Jack could render but little aid with his shaky, feeble, withered old hands.

One lovely evening, in June, Anastasia found herself more than usually oppressed by the lonely silence of the house. Decay and dilapidation had made rapid progress of late about the premises. The clusters of roses on the lawn seemed to have lost heart, and courage to hold their own, and were yielding place to crowding thickets of slim young locust and alanthus trees, under whose shadows weeds and brambles seemed killing out the grass. In the garden where she and Cousin Charles had loitered together, confusion reigned, except in one little corner which Uncle Jack still tried to cultivate. But the scene was pleasant, nevertheless; nature was looking her best; one could not help being pleased and soothed. Anastasia wandered about the place, lingering here and there. Presently the slow strokes of an axe caught her attention. Looking up, she beheld Uncle Jack feebly chopping on one of the three remaining logs, that formed their scanty wood-pile.

"Hi, lill missis, dat you?" said the old man, pausing a moment as she approached; "I's tryin' ter cut you some wood; I's tryin' my bes'; but dis ole han' so stiff an' trimbly, dat I can't do much. I isn' much mo' 'count fo' dis worl, lill missis. Dis ole nigger mos' used up—dat's so. He—he—he!" He gave a deprecatory chuckle and resumed his work, while Anastasia, seating herself on the grass near by, watched him with pitying eyes. How old, and weak, and tremulous he looked! How inadequate to his task! It seemed a painful effort for him to raise the axe; and the unsteady downward strokes made but little impression. What a pity! What a shame, that he should have to work so hard!

Why, he would soon be eighty years old, and here he was, trying to chop wood.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet, with cheeks and eyes indignantly aflame.

"Uncle Jack," she cried, laying hold of the axe with her strong young hands, "give me this, and let me cut the wood. I'm strong—I will do it—you are too old for hard work like this. I can see that it hurts you, all the time—here, give it me."

The horror and amaze in the old man's face almost made her laugh. He held on to the axe with all his little strength.

"W'y, lill missis," he said, when his voice came back after the first shock, "now how you is foolishin'. White quality lady like you can't chop wood. You don't know how. I don't 'low dat—no, no."

"I'll learn soon enough, Uncle Jack. Give me the axe, and let me try."

She took it from his feebly-resistant hands, and planting one foot on the log, as he had done, to keep it steady, raised the implement, with a little defiant fling, and began hacking away fiercely; while Uncle Jack dodged around, trying with frantic gestures to dissuade her from what seemed to him the most "low-life" work she had yet undertaken. "'Deed, Miss Stasy," cried he, with a comical accent of mortification, "'deed, now, don't you do dat, missy. W'at fo' you wan' ter do dat work? Gimme dat axe, lill missis; gimme it, an' let dis yeh ole Uncle Jack cut de wood. What else he made fo'? He, he!"

But "lill missis" was not moved by these entreaties, and Uncle Jack grew more and more excited.

"Now you can't do dat," he cried. "Now you don't know how. You gimme dat axe, an' go tend ter yo' par. I hears 'im a-hollerin' fo' you. Now 'deed you cut yo' foot off. Miss Stasy, you cut yo'se'f now—now stop dat—you hit yo'se'f in de eye wid de chip. Oh-h-h! 'deed you hit yo'se'f in de eye—"

She paused in sudden laughter.

"Uncle Jack," she said, with dignified air, "don't you see how much faster I can do this than you can? It doesn't hurt me—I like it. You go see if my father is awake, and stay with him till I come—go."

The old man hobbled off reluctantly, feeling that the world was coming to an end. Anastasia took breath awhile, and resumed her task, getting very red and hot, but unconsciously showing some splendid curves of her tall slender figure. What graceful sweeping motions of her lithe arms and shoulders, as she alternately bent forward and rose upright. With what a fine high-strung air of determination she lifted the dull old axe; and with what an aimless hack it descended; for nature had not gifted her with such a genius for wood-cutting that her first attempt proved a grand success. But by dint of perseverance, she chopped off several sticks before she paused for another rest.

Suddenly, glancing toward the house, her startled eyes beheld a tall gentleman coming from that direction. He looked handsome, erect, well dressed; but there was an indignant flush on his face; and he came swiftly across the sunlit grass, bareheaded, with hand outstretched, crying: "Anastasia."

"Cousin Charles!" she said, quickly; but drew her hands down, and her head up, with a defensive motion.

"Good heavens," he cried, "this is too bad. Is it possible that you have to do such rough hard work? Is it so bad as this? Here, let me do this for you."

He spoke kindly enough, and tried to take hold of her axe; but she held on to it firmly, waving him away.

"You don't know how it hurts me to see all this," he said. "I had no idea it was so bad. If I could have known sooner, or helped—"

"If you had known, what good would it have been?" she cried, almost fiercely. "What could you have done? We are all ruined—ruined. My brother is dead; it broke my father's heart. He will never be like he was before. Aunt Margaret is dead, too. I know it was the grief and trouble that killed her. We are nothing but beggars—beggars. The old place is hopelessly mortgaged. We are living here because people pity us and let us stay." And she broke down in a passion of tears.

The tempest of grief seemed to soothe her. She looked up, and put out her hand graciously. What a strong, shapely, nervous hand it was, Winston thought; a hand used to work, and therefore not near so white as his own, but taper-fingered, with the slimmest wrist in the world.

"Forgive me, Cousin Charles," said she, "I had no right to speak so. It was not your fault. It was nobody's—it was fate."

"And now let me do this for you," he said, glancing at the log of wood at her feet.

"Oh, no!" with a flush; "there is no need—I—I was only amusing myself. Uncle Jack is with us still, and he does a great deal for me."

"Oh, Soft-Eyes," thought Winston, "you are no better than other women. What innocent deceit will you not all practice, for the sake of keeping up appearances." But he said nothing

in words; and directly they went into the house together.

"Do you want to see father?" asked Anastasia. "He is very much changed since you saw him last. He does not often know people; but he might remember you." She led the way, as she spoke, to the room where Mr. Hathaway sat, propped up in a big chair, staring vacantly in front of him. The kind old man was helpless and motionless now, except that he moved his head and shoulders from side to side incessantly, with an uncertain, restless motion. When his daughter announced their guest, a ghost of a smile lit up his face, and he nodded several times. "Charley Wins'on—of co'se I know him," he said, "of co'se. Why, Charley, it's forty years since I saw you—forty years—forty—yo' son was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, wasn't he? Oh, no—no, it was my son—mine—mine." Poor old man, his mind was gone forever.

CHAPTER IV.

Winston was waiting in the tea-room for the re-appearance of Miss Anastasia. How the old times came back, as he looked about. The same quaint engravings of King Lear and Cymbeline hung on the walls. The curtains that had been almost brown, years ago, were now more faded than ever. But all this changed when Anastasia entered; a sudden flood of light, as it were, pouring into the room. She had changed her dress for an old India muslin, exquisitely fine, but now almost threadbare; one that had been her grandmother's, and was made with a baby-waist, and sleeves reaching only to the elbows. Hearing her approach, he turned and spoke, and she stopped for a moment before entering. The door by which she came led down, by a step or two, to the lawn; and she paused on one of these lower steps, and looked up.

Never, to his last day, will he forget the picture she made as she stood there, holding back her skirts with both hands and looking up smilingly at him, to reply. He looked at her so eagerly, and with such evident admiration, that she burst out laughing and made him a little courtesy, her hands still holding back her narrow skirts. Then she checked herself, gravely. How long was it since she had laughed like that? It gave her quite a guilty feeling. The room seemed to him a little Paradise.

Her tea-table was soon arranged—indeed, there was very little to put on it—and going out she presently returned with a rather shamefaced air, bringing a plate of hoe-cakes and a pot of tea. Oh, Soft-Eyes, how it hurt your pride—this poverty-stricken little repast! You stood at the head of the table with lofty air, but the blush on your cheek was not borrowed from the sunset this time. No, indeed. "Come, Cousin Charles," said she, "you must be tired and hungry after your long walk from the station. Won't you have a cup of tea?"

Of course he would. He took his place and watched her pour the tea out. "I'm sorry I can't offer you a teaspoon," she said, "but they're all gone, and the sugar-tongs too," with a gay laugh. "This tea is a great treat to me, cousin; we couldn't get any for a long time, you know. Oh, dear!" with a sudden little start; "I quite forgot—how is your wife, Cousin Charles?"

He gave a little start. "Oh, confound it!" he said, in a great flurry; "I am not married—what put that into your head?"

"Not married?" With her wide-open eyes expressing more mischief than surprise, however. "Why, you told me that you—"

"Yes, I know," he said, and hastened to explain. "I did have such an idea once, but it never came to anything; it was broken off. My sweetheart jilted me; turned me off for somebody else, you know: a millionaire, a great army contractor," with a laugh.

"What a shame!" murmured she, sympathetically. "I beg your pardon for referring to it. But I didn't know. I wonder that anyone should be so cruel."

"But you see I have survived it. I don't look as if my heart was broken, do I?"

That night, as Winston leaned from his bedroom window, enjoying a cigar and the lovely summer moonlight, he thought of them all with an unusual warmth and tenderness. An uncle had lately died, and left him a large fortune. Why not marry Anastasia, if she would have him? Buy this place, and turn it into a cheerful well-kept summer residence? Having resolved thus, he determined to begin the siege as soon as possible. But he waited, all the next day, in vain, for a favorable chance to speak his mind to her; it did not come till twilight, when he found himself alone with Anastasia, on the porch, watching the red moon growing smaller and whiter, as it climbed up over the tree-tops. Then, with many inward thrills and tremors, and some changes of color that were lost upon her in the dusk, he pleaded his cause, stammering a little, but not without some eloquence, after all.

"And now, Soft-Eyes, don't you think," he said, in conclusion, "you can be happy with me? Will you try, cousin—eh?"

The twilight was over her face like a veil; but the hand he tried to take seemed quietly resistant.

"I'm very sorry," she murmured, soberly, after a little pause. "How did you ever come to think of such a thing? It grieves me so much to have to say no," (he couldn't see her smile,) "but you won't mind it much, I daresay," with a profound sigh.

"Oh, don't say so," he cried, with tender vehemence, and another futile snatch at that elusive hand. "Why, I should mind it more than I ever did anything in my whole life before. Must you say no, Soft-Eyes? Why should it be no?"

"I will never marry anybody, I think. I'll be an old maid, like Sister Frances. But I wonder at your asking me this. You know you wrote how ignorant I was, and how stupid, and—"

"Don't talk nonsense," with a little quiver of impatience. "You know I don't think you either stupid or ignorant. I never did. You quite misunderstood me. You're too sensitive, dear. No other woman can ever suit me so well. I never loved anyone as I do you. Are you thinking of what I told you once? Pshaw, that was all a mistake—a piece of idle folly."

"Idle folly? Can people put love on and off, like an old shoe? Don't think because I am an ignorant country girl that I am quite an—id—idiot." With almost a sob. "If it had not been for that, I might"—another sob—"I might have loved you, I might have been your wife, but now—"

She shook her head decisively, while our hero began pleading, apologizing, explaining. But in the midst of his tirade, she suddenly started up and ran into the house; ran away to her own room, where, shutting the door behind her, she fell into an agitation of tears and laughter; and even in the summer darkness, and all alone, the hot blushes came and went on her face. Foolish, inconsequent Anastasia. Perhaps if Cousin Charles had seen her then, he would not have looked so down-hearted, when he stalked off to bed.

But Winston was not one to own defeat. His usual determination to have his own way was strengthened by a virtuous feeling that in this case at least his way was the best in the world. So, the next day, and the next, he renewed the attack, receiving always the same answer, though a certain expression of her face, that he caught occasionally, made him think she was not so obdurate as she would have him believe. But on the fourth day, something happened that, for the time, rendered love-making impossible. Miss Frances, going into her father's room, found the poor old gentleman dead in his chair, with something of the old dreamy smile on his face, that he used to wear when Winston first saw him. During the next few days of confusion and distress, both women looked to Cousin Charles for counsel and sympathy. They found him as kind as a woman, and the most thoughtful of men. After Mr. Hathaway was laid away in the wilderness of a graveyard, close by, Mr. Winston held long consultations with Miss Frances, and afterward with the creditors, whose indulgence could not last much longer. Miss Frances returned to her old anxious cares for the morrow, and Anastasia went about with a grave face; while Cousin Charles lingered on, day after day. Everybody seemed taking it for granted that he would stay, and meantime there was a certain softening of Anastasia's manner towards himself, which awakened a glow of delightful expectancy, that made him think this place the most fascinating spot on earth.

One morning, while he was busy with some old yellow papers, that Miss Frances had brought for examination, Anastasia came softly into the room, carrying in her hand a great fragrant rose of Damascus, whose color paled in contrast to that which suddenly burned on her face, as he looked up with an ardent glance. An intuitive perception made him aware that she had come to make a confession of some sort.

"Well," he said, with suppressed excitement in his tone.

"Well," she answered, with a little half-frightened laugh, "I—I want to tell you something—I mean—"

She faltered and paled; but seeing him spring up, with a sudden flush and tremor, she instantly grew calm again, (it is the way with women,) and resumed her old dignity of manner.

"Cousin Charles," she said, "you have been kinder to us than we had any right to expect; we never can repay your kindness."

"You can, if you will," he cried, "you know how."

She waved him to silence. "Then you have not changed yo' mind?" she said, very gravely. "You still think you would like me for yo' wife in spite of my being foolish, and ignorant, and high-tempered?"

"High-tempered? I never said it."

She went on without heeding him: "Well, I wonder at your choice. I thought you had more taste. But if you still insist—I want to pay our debt. I can't bear to owe anybody in the world; and I can't pay it anyway but this. That is," demurely, "if you will take me, sir."

"Sweetest—take you, Soft-Eyes—take you?" And he rushed forward, with hands outstretched.

But she retreated, putting her own hands behind her.

"Don't be absurd," she said, severely; "I feel it my duty to tell you now, that I don't believe in men loving twice. I take you because I can't help it, and not because I believe you love me," dodging behind the sofa as he pursued her. "And I'm high-tempered, as you said," still retreating, and making a motion towards jumping out of the window as he followed; "and am sure to give you a heap of trouble. I know I shan't like any of the people you know; city-bred ladies—and I don't think they will like me; and that will make you feel uncomfortable, won't it?"

"Oh, confound it!" said he, "I don't want you to like anybody but me. Don't be so tantalizing. Give me a kiss. Gracious heavens, don't I deserve it, Soft-Eyes? Don't I?"

She still kept retreating. "You say, though I don't believe it, that you love me better than anything else in the world."

"Good Lord, have I not told you so fifty times?"

"But perhaps sister will object; you must ask her leave," with provoking gravity.

"She does not object at all; she is kinder than you." Cousin Charles was now on the verge of distraction.

Suddenly her whole tone and manner changed. "Am I unkind?" she said; "I did not mean to be. Don't you remember I said once that I would be hard to win? I'll tell you something I would never have told anyone to save my life—but—but *now* I know you are in earnest. I like you—I don't know if it is love, cousin, but I—I have liked you so for a long time—there!"

During this confession she had changed suddenly from a queen to a handmaid; she grew red and pale by turns; her eyes were more lovely than ever, through the tears that filled them; the hand she held out, with palm upturned, in such graciousness of sweet surrender, trembled shyly. The siege had been long; the terms of capitulation were decidedly favorable to the conquered; but it was a surrender, after all; and doubtless Mr. Winston's heart beat with triumphant excitement, as he advanced to take formal possession of this fair fortress. Perhaps, too, it was not only a hand-clasp that she gave; he had said that he deserved a kiss; and perhaps she may have granted him one—just one. Who knows?

Pshaw! Love-scenes are exceedingly tiresome to all but the actors themselves. Nobody likes to feel *de trop;* it's the most disagreeable thing in the world, and not even atoned for by the gratification of one's curiosity. I wonder if Miss Frances felt the sensation when she paused, for a moment, at the parlor door; then, seeing what she did, decided not to go in, but went softly away again.

VENUS OF MELOS.

BY MINNIE IRVING.

Oh, dust of ancient Greece uprise,
And veil your fallen idol's eyes,
That she may not behold the sight
Of ruined beauty, broken might.

Her splendid temples, once that crowned
The hills, lie shattered on the ground;
The ashes of her priests are flung
To every wind that Homer sung.

And weeds spring up within the halls,
Once sacred to the oracles,
And she from her dark hillside tomb
Has come, but none can make her room,

Save in some gallery long and high,
Where she will stand till by and by.
Across the beauty of her face
The spider weaves a veil of lace,

And round her, like a garment, clings
The dust, and o'er her brood the wings,
Like those of some black bat or bird,
Of darkness, heavy, thick, unstirred.

But he who thinks this later time
Has brought the world upon its prime
Should go as in the years agone—
A laureled poet went alone,

And walked amidst the columns, wrought
Long since by men of care and thought.
He wandered there to be apart
From all companions, save his heart.

And that was sad as sad could be,
For lands that lay beyond the sea.
It was that quiet hour when day
Puts on a twilight robe of gray.

The airs about began to stir;
Uprose the star of Jupiter;
And like an eagle in the sky,
The spirit of the Past swept by.

On graceful pillars, once again,
He saw the temples rise as when
From her majestic throne looked down
The city of the violet crown.

The home of law and liberty,
The stately mother of the free,
Whose children, heroes every one,
Fought on the field of Marathon.

OUR JONESVILLE FOLKS.

No. III.—THE ECONOMICAL COUNCIL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE."

JOSIAH read to me, out of the Jonesville Record, yesterday, that the old Archbishop of Canterbury was dead, and that the new one was going to call another council of Episcopals, they call 'em "Pan-Angling" ones, I believe; and this reminds me that the Methodists, all over the world, as everybody knows, held a big meetin', year before last, also; an Economical Council, as they called it. Josiah brought the news to me after it was all over, for, you see, we haven't a telephone in our house, or Injun rugs, or any of these new-fangled notions.

"I wish we'd heerd of it in time," said Josiah. "Economical Councils are noble meetin's. They are just what wimmin need: they are just what every woman, far and near, ought to go to. I'll tell you what I'd have done, Samantha: I'd have given you a dollar and a half towards it; I wouldn't have begrudged money; for if they teached wimmin half what I s'posed they did, it would have been plenty of cash in my pocket before the end of the year."

Now I knew that the Economical Council had been held in London village, and I knew that a dollar and a half wouldn't have taken me hardly out of sight of land. And I knew that if I had traveled till my money give out, and they put me out of the boat, why then the solemn feelin's would have come to me—how would I get back to shore agin? I knew I couldn't walk on the Atlantic Ocean—I knew I wasn't a miracle. But I kept my thoughts to myself, for I had a reeson for doin' so.

An' Josiah went on:

"Samantha," he said, "I do feel fairly bad that you didn't take this tower."

Says I, cautiously, (principle made me say it,): "What makes you feel so bad about it?"

"Why," says he, "because I heerd Deacon Ebenezer Scrimshaw tellin' old Sowerby all about it, this mornin'; and he said, Ebenezer did, that he'd have given a ten-cent bill if his wife could have attended to it."

"Wal, why didn't she? She knew it in time. But we live in such an out-of-the-way place—we hear nothin'. We'll not hear o' the day o' Judgment till the day after."

"And that'll be lucky for you," snickered Josiah. "Wal, she had a creek in the neck. She ketched it the day she helped mow the hay. She thought it would save the hirin' another man; an' she overworked, an' her doctor bill has cost Ebenezer over thirty dollars, besides the hired girl."

"Wal, it seems to me that Ebenezer had better have gone to the Economical Council himself; he'd have saved money."

"Oh, shaw! Samantha. How simple wimmin can talk. Men are as economical creeters as the world ever see; they don't need to attend Economical Councils. They may make mistakes sometimes. Ebenezer may have made a mistake in overworkin' his wife the first day; but their principles are square an' firm; they don't need no Economical Council, for they are jist as economical an' savin' as the day is long."

"Wal," says I, "I'm glad I didn't go. It would have cost a great deal, an' it would have been a sort of a unnecessary expense."

"But you had better have gone," he said, and he murmured sort o' low to himself: "I should have got it back agin' before the year was out."

Says I: "I wouldn't have gone an' left you, Josiah."

Says he, sort o' mad-like, and flarin' up:

"What? Awhile ago you was all rousted up about goin' to New York village to see Mrs. Lorne and the marquis. You was fairly bewitched to go."

"Yes," says I, dreamily; "I did want to go. I hain't been there for some time. An' I felt that the village might begin to feel sort o' slighted if I didn't go there agin'. But you know well, Josiah Allen, that I didn't want to go unless you went too. Though I should like to have seen the Economical Council."

"But I tell you the Economical Council wuzn't held in New York village," he said, flarin' up. "Don't you s'pose I know? When did you ever hear of a *man* makin' a mistake? Wimmin is allus wobblin' 'round, gettin' into the wrong places, but you don't ketch a *man* doin' it. However, since we didn't go to the Economical Council, I'll take you to New York, for a tower, instead."

Now I wuz glad to get to New York; but I

didn't like the way he talked. It's the last straw that kills the camel; and the straw that overcame me was "wobblin'." I wuzn't goin' to be called a wobbler; an' be told that my sect wobbled with impunity. I never said another word about where the Economical Council had been held, though I knew it had been in London, an' not in New York village, an' had told Josiah so. But I went to work an' got ready for a tower to New York, and got Josiah ready. For though a man may be a woman's protector in danger, and her strong tower in adversity, an' a bulwark to the nation, he can't get into his best clothes without help, or find his han'kerchief an' necktie an' hat without the aid of his devoted pardner.

His calls to me for help while he was a-dressin' in the mornin', the day we started, wuz loud an' violent. An' his frantic rushes into my room—an' his onslaughts onto my beauro-drawers—an' his wild statements that I had took every article o' his wearin' apparil an' had 'em on at that minute, or else had hid 'em—was frequent, an' harrowin' in the extreme.

But as every married female knows by experience what these sufferin's are, and every man also knoweth it in his heart, I will, in the language o' the poet, "draw a braize veil" over my sufferin's an' his'n. An' suffice it to say, the hour o' 8 A. M., in the forenoon, found us on the train that bore us on swift towards that noble river, the Hudson, on which, at 11 A. M., forenoon, we embarked, and sailed onwards down the peaceful waters.

Some say that wimmin can't help talkin', that if they can't talk they must die; but I can truly say, that though the surroundin' wimmin was numerous and permiscuss, I couldn't speak a word, for the Spirit o' Beauty had laid her fingers on the lips o' Samantha, an' she wuz dumb (for the time bein'); she had laid her fingers on the eyes o' Samantha, and she wuz blind (as it were) to all about her. She didn't see none of the wimmin surroundin' her, only that divine Spirit o' Beauty, whose home is in the glory of the mountains, the glory of the waters.

Sumtimes the water would lay blue an' trankil an' calm-like—an' then the light would lay in long golden ripples; an' the vessels with their white wings a-sailin' by would each one of 'em make as shinin' a track as if they had sot out for the shinin' shore we read about.

Sumtimes the mountains risin' up out of the water would be dark-green, gorguss mantillys, woven of the fresh tracery o' tree-boughs, an' little white villas would peer down on Samantha from green heights as if they felt friendly towards her an' wished she was inside of 'em. They looked dretful friendly towards her, mebby it was because she felt so friendly towards them; she felt dretful friendly towards them, an' towards the villages that were scattered along the side of the river like clusters o' daisies.

Folks generally get paid back in their own coin in this world, or in any other world I know anything about. An' folks will find what they hunt for; if they hunt for faults an' deformities, they will find 'em; if they hunt for beauty and sweetness, they will find 'em.

Why, good land! if a man takes a dog an' a gun an' goes out a-huntin' eagles, he ain't a-goin' to pay any attenshun to little pups a-barkin' at his heels, or at muskeeters a-buzzin' round him, or to ginny-hens a-screechin' at him from barn-yards to "go back, go back." Good land! he ain't a-goin' back because them ginny-hens advise him to—he is out a eagle-huntin'. An' he ain't a-goin' to aim that gun at muskeeters or pups, them ain't the kind o' game he's after, it's eagles he's after. An' he keeps his eyes right up a-lookin' for 'em where they're to be found, up in the heavens. An' if folks want to find beauty an' goodness, why they must go a-huntin' after 'em; they must fix their eye on 'em, aim at 'em, an' expec' to hit 'em every time.

An' if they feel friendly towards other folks, them other folks will feel friendly towards them.

An' Samantha felt so friendly towards them high old mountains that they looked down upon her as if they loved her. It made her feel well, I can tell you, an' she looked well, too—I knew she did. She didn't look into a lookin'-glass to see how she looked, but I knew that sech soarin' emoshuns as she enjoyed couldn't be goin' on inside her mind without her face lookin' as noble as ever a face looked. Yes, I know jist how her mean looked, as well as if I took it in my hand and gazed on it for hours; an' I have watched means for years an' years, an' probably know as much about 'em as anybody o' my size and heft. But I am episodin'.

Sumtimes them high beautiful mountains rose up, mountain after mountain, each one a different color, an' each one purtier than the other one, away off in front of us, so it seemed as if our path must lay right through 'em, as if the vessel must sail right into 'em. But it didn't.

When we got nearer, the river would widen out in front of us, an' the mountains would keep lookin' down on us.

Soft an' tender an' hazy the far away ones looked at me, some as if they was sorry for me—felt sort o' pitiful an' sweet towards me, an' on some o' the highest ones soft white clouds would float down the sides like snowy pennons flutterin'

out from hands invisible but loving, in tenderest greeting, bidding me: "Courage, dear heart—keep hope—*bon voyage*."

An' then we would float by 'em, an' some high headland would flash into sight, bathed in such a golden glow that it did seem that if you stood there on that shinin' height, you could look up through the waves of glorified light an' catch a glimpse of the towers of the city: that divine sea-port, whose twelve gates are twelve pearls.

Oh, what a time I did have in my mind; one o' the beautifulest times I ever did have.

An' Josiah Allen enjoyed that scene, too. I know he did. His mean showed it as he sot there calmly eatin' sugar cookies an' cheese. His mean looked purty nigh as sweet as them cookies did, though I made 'em more than half-an'-half—a cup an' a half o' sugar to a cup o' cream.

An' his sweetness o' mean lasted all the way to the village; an' he says to me after we got to our tavern, (a good respectable one, though middlin' noisy on the outside,) he says, with that same sweet mean, and that almost dulcet tone:

"Now, Samantha, since you missed that Economical Council, I want you to pick out any other place of amusement you'd like to go to, an' I'll go with you an' pay the bills like a man. Do you want to go an' hear Beecher or Talmage?" says he.

Says I: "I would love to go an' hear them two men, Josiah Allen, for they are as elequent as elequent can be; but it ain't the night for 'em to preach."

"No," says he, "come to think on it, it ain't. You will have to pick out some other place of amusement."

Says I, coldly: "Josiah Allen, stop sech talk instantly and to once," says I. "You talk about them two noble men as if they wuz circuses."

"Wal," says he, "aint they? I talk as other folks do. You know, when folks come here to the village, for a night or two, they'll think to themselves: now if I can't go to a circus, I'll go an' hear some big preacher."

"Wal," says I, coldly, "you needn't foller up sech doins', Josiah Allen, because other folks do."

I wouldn't encourage him by ownin' it, but I couldn't deny to myself that he wuz on the right cut. I couldn't deny that lots o' folks seemed to want to go to church, not to worship God, but to be interested and amused. That they looked upon the holy walls, consecrated to the worship o' the Almighty, same as if it wuz a tent with a big pole in the centre, for jimnasticks an' rope-walkin'. An' they viewed the minister, who stood between their souls an' the Most High, same as if he wuz a brass band or a clown. But jest while I wuz reveryin' this, my companion spoke up bold as brass, or a copper tea-kettle, or anything else hard an' glossy, an' says he:

"Let's go to the theatre."

"The theatre?" says I, risin' right up on my feet, "the theatre? Be you a jimnastick or agnostick, or whatever it is, Josiah Allen, or is it softenin' o' the brain that ails you?"

"I hain't lunied nor softened," says he, bold as that tea-kettle; "I say, let's swing right out for once in our lives, an' go to the theatre."

"Never," says I, firmly, "never." An' says I, coldly: "What would they say at Jonesville? Why, Deacon Scrimshaw himself is in New York. He'd be sure to hear on it, an' tell. He come on last Tuesday, to his niece's weddin'."

"Dumb it," says Josiah, "I forgot that. But he'll never hear of it. His sister lives over in Harlem. Come on, let's go."

But Bunker Hill never stood firmer than Josiah Allen's wife stood up on top of her lofty principles. His entreaties and arguments fell like the pelting raindrops on that noble statue of B. H.; an' didn't melt me no more than the patterin' summer rain melted B. H.

Says I: "You can go, Josiah Allen, if your conscience an' et-cetery will let you; but I shall *not* go. My principles an' my backache both forbid."

"But," says I, in a awful warnin' an' almost camp-meetin' tone, "if your pasture ever finds it out, or the deacon hears it, I shall tell no lie to shield you. An' it would grieve them good old men to the heart, to even dream that either you or I should go to a theatre."

Says Josiah: "They'll never find it out. I'll go along with my head up in the air as if I wuzn't a-goin' anywhere; an' then, when I come to the door, I'll dodge in sudden."

"Wal," says I, coolly, "take your own way; I shan't help you any."

Wal, he hadn't been gone more'n an hour, when he come back lookin' kinder meachin' an' kinder tickled, 'bout half-an'-half, or mebby there might have been a very little more tickle than there wuz meach. An' he said he managed jist as he said he should. He had dodged in sudden, an' jist as he dodged in, another man, who seemed jist as guilty an' 'fraid as he did, dodged in too; an' they came right up together, face to face, an' there it wuz the Deacon himself.

I s'pose them two men felt as if they should sink. Josiah said the first thing he did, he says: "I wuz 'fraid I wuz goin' to have the nose-bleed, an' I thought I'd stop." An' he said the Deacon spoke up awful quick, an' says: "I wuz a-sort

o' lookin' 'round the city, an' I kinder stopped here. My wife wanted me to look for some red woolen wrappers for her—all-wool."

"Wal," says Josiah, "I guess my nose ain't a-goin' to bleed after all; an' I s'pose we may as well go on—"

"Yes," says the Deacon, "of course. I'm all ready. Do you know how much good red woolen wrappers are—all-wool?"

I have allus believed, to this day, that the Deacon did want the wrappers, and got into there by mistake; but Josiah snickers at the idee. He says no man that wuz after all-wool wrappers would go a-dodgin' 'round in that way, even if he thought it wuz a store. "Can't pull that wool over my eyes," he says, tryin' to joke, and laughin', a foolishness I didn't jine in.

It wasn't till we left New York, that Josiah would believe I was right about where the Economical Council had been held; but everybody told him; and he had to believe 'em, though he hadn't believed me.

Yes, I've seen mad men, an' disap'inted men; but I never see a madder or a disap'inteder than Josiah Allen, when they told him that the Economical Council had been held in London, an' not in New York village.

"You can't blame me, Josiah," I remarked, "for I allus said, you know I did, that it wuz held in London, an' that Queen Victory, Albert's widder that is, presided, for they do say she's the most economical body of all."

"Pshaw," says Josiah, "that's only Jonesville gossip."

"That's what they say," says I. "I'm sure I don't know nothin'."

"Wal, wal! keep on contradictin', will you?" he says.

An' says I, mildly but firmly: "It wuz all right, for I couldn't have gone. I couldn't have been transported to England in a minute; an' without that I wouldn't have gone. I ain't a miracle, Josiah Allen."

"Wal, wal! who said you *wuz?*"

YOU KISSED ME.

BY JOSEPHINE H. HUNT.

You kissed me! My head dropped low on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest;
While the holy emotions my tongue dare not speak
Flashed up in a flame from my heart to my cheek.
Your arms held me fast—oh, your arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in your passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the seas to the skies.
Your lips clung to mine, till I prayed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from the rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my breath and my will,
In delirious joy, for a moment stood still.
Life had for me then no temptation, no charms,
No vision of happiness outside your arms.
And were I this instant an angel, possessed
Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robe unrepentingly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest;
Your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me! My soul, in a bliss so divine,
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath;
If my pulses would stop, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round in their passionate fold.
And these are the questions I ask day and night:
Must my lips taste no more such exquisite delight?
Would you care if your breast were my shelter as then?
And if you were here—would you kiss me again

AN EASTERN BEAUTY.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

As on some night of winter storm,
A spicy flow'r will bring
The musky smell, the fragrance warm,
Of gardens lush with Spring—

So when you come, the Orient seems
Before me with its spell!
Damascus with its groves and streams;
Rebekah at the well;

The distant caravans that crawl
Across the desert slow;
The palm-trees standing straight and tall
Against the sunset glow;

The twilight plains; the dusky heights;
The burning stars above—
And all the purple passionate nights
That throb with song and love!

THE OAKWOOD TRAGEDY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 392.

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning, I descended early, before any of the family, I thought, would be up. To my surprise, I found my guardian waiting in the hall, and as I came down the broad stairs, he joined me.

"I have been on the look-out for you, my child," he said. "I am afraid I frightened you with what I said, when we came in from our ride. I saw how distrait you looked at dinner; and how you watched, first me, and then Norman De Lisle. Forget what I said. I don't know what came over me."

"It was nothing," I stammered. "It didn't affect me—except for awhile. You see I don't look the least bit frightened. Do I?" And I smiled up at him with affected gayety.

"You are as blooming as a rose, at any rate," he replied, after watching me for a moment, "and as plucky as Mahomet itself: that is, if I did alarm you. But come, forget it, as I said. In spite of Mrs. De Lisle, we'll have a gay time. I have written to invite some of the brightest people of Gotham here, and for the next six weeks the old house shall be given up to merriment."

"Oh, that will be delicious," I cried, clapping my hands in true girlish delight.

"A lady," he went on to say, "who was very kind to me in Paris, once, when I was sick in a hotel, alone, has come out to America, on a visit: Mrs. La Croix; and she brings her daughter, Eugenie, with her. I am very anxious to make their trip a pleasant one, as far as I can; and so I bethought me, after we all parted, last night, that I would ask her here for awhile, and get a bright gay party to meet her."

At the breakfast-table, however, when this announcement was made, Mrs. De Lisle looked severe, and would have objected, as I saw, if she had dared. Her son, after a surprised look at my guardian, amounting almost to a stare, resumed his meal in silence. I could not help again, as I had the night before, admiring his extraordinary beauty. He was, I thought, the handsomest man I had ever seen. A pure Greek profile; eyes of a deep brilliant blue; chestnut hair, that clustered about a forehead as white as a girl's; and a beauty of feature that would have been almost feminine, but for the tall and powerful, yet lithe, frame that accompanied it. And yet, with it all, there was something in his looks that made me shudder, as once I shuddered when I saw a man-eating tiger, pacing to and fro in his cage, yet keeping his eyes on me all the while, with a look that even now makes me feel like faintfng, to recall.

"I wonder," I said to myself, "if that is what my guardian felt, when he warned me against him. Or does he know anything evil of this leopard-like, Pagan-looking Apollo?" Then my thoughts changed. Suddenly, I began to wonder about those French friends of Mr. Rutherford's. Why had he never mentioned them to me before? A vague feeling of dislike, from that moment, sprang up in my heart towards Eugenie La Croix.

The next day but one she came. Eugenie La Croix was a beauty of the true Southern type, with long almond-shaped eyes; curling lashes, that swept a cheek whose red rivaled that of the most brilliant carmine; a faint touch of languor in her manner; and a bewitching softness in the expression of her face: rendering her, when she thought it worth her while, one of the most fascinating of women. There was a certain *Je ne soit quoi* about her, however, which confirmed me in my dislike toward her. She evidently cared nothing for her own sex, reserving all her charm of conversation and manner for gentlemen.

A certain patronizing manner, that she adopted toward me from the first, and a way she had of addressing me as a child, made me avoid her society as much as possible. She was apparently on the most intimate terms with Mr. Rutherford, claiming his escort, as if of course, in walks and drives, and in an innocent and beguiling way that made me almost hate her. It was unbearable to me, at first, to see my place usurped by a stranger; but as Mr. Rutherford made no effort to change the order of things, I finally affected an indifference I did not feel, and laughed, danced, and flirted with Norman De Lisle, in reckless disregard of any promise I had made.

Oakwood was gay enough during the rest of the summer. A succession of visitors came and

went. Every evening there was dancing, often until a late hour; while picnics, rides, and drives innumerable filled up the days.

One evening, there was a larger party than usual. In addition to our own guests, a Mrs. Coralie, who owned the country-seat next Oakwood, had driven over with a party of friends. I was sitting in an alcove, waiting for Norman De Lisle, who had gone for an ice, and not far from me Eugenie La Croix stood, talking to my guardian. A faint, sick feeling came over me, as I watched him bending down to listen to this queenly brunette, who looked like some gorgeous tropical flower, in her black laces and brilliant scarlet.

"He has forgotten me entirely," I said to myself. "He has not a single remembrance of that week when we were so happy. But never, never shall he know how much I cared."

So, when Norman De Lisle came back, I chatted and laughed as gayly as if my heart was not breaking with wounded pride. Accepting his arm, we strolled out on the avenue, and remained there for more than an hour. When we returned, I looked around for Mr. Rutherford. But neither he nor Miss La Croix were anywhere to be seen.

Time passed. The summer was drawing to a close. The guests at Oakwood were planning something new and original for the last week of their stay. All were talking of it one morning at breakfast, and everyone had given his or her opinion, save Miss La Croix.

"And what says ma belle?" asked Mr. Rutherford, turning to her.

"The most delightful of entertainments," she answered, "would be a moonlight masquerade in the rose-garden. A dancer's pavilion could be erected near the centre, with various little arbors for the refreshments; you should have a band of music, of course; let there be no unmasking, but let the guests depart as secretly as they came. So, having done everything under the rose, we can call it a rose carnival."

"Capital, capital!" said a dozen voices. "What a witty conceit!" even cried one, though I thought it very poor wit indeed. Forthwith, however, costumes were discussed vigorously, while my guardian and Miss La Croix began making out a list of the invitations.

I sat toying with my teaspoon, feeling more than dispirited, almost angry. Who was this woman that took it as of course to arrange things at Oakwood? Oh, how I wished I could go away. One of the ladies asking me what costume I had chosen, finally called back my wandering thoughts.

"Mariana of the Moated Grange, judging by her disconsolate air," said Miss La Croix, superciliously looking at me with, as I fancied, a sneer.

"There is no lover, so you see Mariana is an impossibility," I answered, essaying to be calm.

"No lover? Do I hear aright?" cried Mr. Russel, one of the handsomest of the guests. "And she does not even blush when she avows it. Ye gods! She shall own the want no longer. Here, on this spot, I swear fealty to her," and putting his hand on his heart, he dropped on one knee before me, in so ludicrous an attitude that all burst into laughter.

In the same gay spirit, for I was reckless, I accepted his vows, and we exchanged rings, amid the badinage of the company. Norman De Lisle looked on with frowning brow; but Mr. Rutherford never raised his head; he seemed entirely absorbed in Miss La Croix. At last, I could bear it no longer, and, rising, proposed a game of croquet. Half a dozen followed Mr. Russel and myself out to the lawn. But after one game, I resigned my mallet, and returned to the house. Half way across the hall, I met my guardian.

"What is the matter, Elsie? You look pale," he said, stopping me as I was passing him hurriedly.

"Nothing, thank you. I am perfectly well," I replied, coldly.

"Put on your habit, and see if a gallop won't restore you," he said, looking down at me in the old way.

I should, in all probability, have done as he said, if Miss La Croix had not made her appearance, just then, on the stairway, in full riding-costume. If she was to go, I would not.

"I don't feel in the humor for riding, thanks all the same," I said, and passed on up the stairway, never looking at Eugenie La Croix, as she brushed past me.

A few minutes after, I heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the avenue. Then I indulged in a good cry, and made a firm resolve to leave Oakwood the very day the month expired.

"But I will be as gay as the gayest, meantime," I sobbed. "No one shall know how miserable I am."

That night we were all going to a musicale at Mrs. Coralie's. It was to be a full-dress affair; and I resolved to call in all the arts of the toilet, to enable me to outshine Eugenie La Croix, if possible: at least, to show her and others that I could be beautiful, too.

CHAPTER VII.

I SCARCELY knew myself when my toilette was concluded. Ordinarily, I did not care much for

dress, and generally wore white. I had heard Mr. Rutherford say he preferred it, and unconsciously it influenced me. So, up to this evening, I had not cared to wear the two or three evening-dresses which had been ordered from the city for me.

My gown was a blue silk, cut away from the neck and arms, and edged with a delicate frost-work of lace. A long train, which made me appear two inches taller; a necklace of pearls; drops of the same in my ears; an aigrette confining my curls: these completed my costume.

When I descended to the hall, I found the whole party assembled and waiting. Mr. Rutherford and Norman De Lisle both stepped forward, as I appeared, Norman reaching me first.

"May I drive you over to Mrs. Coralie's, Miss Graeme?" he asked, eagerly.

"There is a seat for you in my phaeton, Elsie," said my guardian, a moment after.

What should I do? For an instant, I hesitated; then bowing coldly to Mr. Rutherford, I turned to Norman De Lisle, and accepted his offer. Mr. Rutherford turned away, without a word.

"How fearful I was that you might feel yourself bound to accept my uncle's offer," said Norman De Lisle, as we rolled down the avenue.

"Bound?" I repeated, scornfully.

"Well, not exactly bound. But I feared you thought it your duty. Mr. Rutherford, as you may perceive, does not bear me any good-will."

"But what difference should that make in my treatment of you?"

"Oh, you know we always seek to mollify the higher powers," he returned, with a half laugh.

"That is not my creed," I responded, coldly; and then changed the subject.

How I danced and flirted that night. Never had I been gayer, yet never had I been more wretched. Occasionally I caught my guardian's eye fixed upon me in displeasure, doubtless at the reckless way in which I was behaving.

Near the close of the evening, Norman De Lisle came up to me. "How would you like to leave here before the rest," he whispered, "and go home by the Witches' Well? It is only three miles further, and you have no idea how romantic it is there in the moonlight."

"It would be delightful," I cried, reckless what I did. "But have we time?" I added, doubtfully, after a moment.

"Plenty. Slip upstairs and get your hat and cloak. I will have the horse at the gate by the time you are ready."

For an instant, even then, I wavered. But looking around, I saw Eugenie La Croix and my guardian together; her eyes were cast down, the long lashes sweeping the perfect oval of her cheek; while Mr. Rutherford, I fancied, was regarding her with all the devotion of an accepted lover. I grew more reckless than ever at the sight. "Yes, I will go," I said to myself. "What if people do talk? What if my guardian is angry? I care little now what becomes of me." Thinking thus, I turned to Norman and said: "Yes, I will go;" and ten minutes later, we were riding in the direction of the Witches' Well.

The Witches' Well was an odd, wild sort of a place. The road to it led through a wood for some distance, when suddenly, without warning, one came upon an open space, partly natural, and partly artificial. In the centre was a great rock, that seemed as if it had been hurled there for the express purpose of protecting the cool waters that gushed from beneath its shadow. The moonlight fell on the broad space, making it as light as day; while the tall trees seemed so many dark sentinels guarding the Spirit of the Spring.

"Did you ever hear the legend attached to the well?" said my companion, as he lifted me from the carriage; and we turned our steps towards the huge rock.

"Never. What is it?" I inquired.

"The fable goes, that when two lovers drink of its mystic waters at the witching hour of midnight, a spell binds them together forever, through weal or through woe."

"How delightful! I wonder if anyone has ever tried it?" I said, carelessly dipping my hand to and fro in the water that bubbled up in the moonlight.

"Let us try the charm; it is just twelve," he said, looking at his watch as he spoke. He took the cup from the shelf, dipped it full of water, and held it out to me.

But I shrank back. This was becoming too serious.

"No! I have no fancy for being bound," I cried, "I am too happy to be free." I spoke laughingly, but turned away from the cup.

"But would it not be happiness to be bound to one who loves you, Elsie?" he said, in his lowest, softest tones.

"Not if I, on my part, did not share his love," I responded, resolutely shaking my head.

"Then love me, Elsie; for I love you. I love you better than anyone else in the world." His voice was dangerously soft and sweet. The glamor of the hour began to take hold of me. The one I loved cared for another. Why should I not grasp the happiness that was within my reach? A moment I hesitated. Then truth won the day.

"I cannot, for I have no love to give," I said, gently.

"No love? When I lay my heart at your feet?" His voice was husky with emotion.

I shook my head sadly, but more resolutely than ever.

"Then you love that black-browed uncle of mine," he cried, his whole manner changing. "You have only been playing with me. You do not deny it. But," sneeringly, "I happen to know that my uncle proposed to Miss La Croix, yesterday, and was accepted."

"How dare you speak in that way to me?" I said, haughtily.

"You need not turn away. I swear you shall marry me," with an oath I dare not repeat. "If I cannot have you by fair means, I will have you by foul." And he seized my wrists and held them in a grasp of steel.

"Are you ready to go home, Elsie?" said a voice, coolly, at this crisis, behind me.

Norman De Lisle dropped my wrists, at the sound, and we both turned.

There stood my guardian. An angel from heaven could not have been more welcome to me.

"I have a horse here you can take, Norman," he said; "and as for Elsie, I will assume the charge of her."

With a muttered curse Norman De Lisle turned on his heel. I followed my guardian—oh, with what a glad heart.

The drive home was very silent. I longed to know how much Mr. Rutherford had heard, but dared not ask him, his face was so stern and dark. When he parted from me it was without a good-night.

I knew then that I had not been forgiven. Ah! how different it all was from the gay ride, two short months ago. Then I was as light-hearted and joyous as a child; now, my guardian and I were as strangers to each other.

I spent half the night in tears, and was confined to my bed next day with a nervous headache. When I was able to go downstairs again, I heard Norman De Lisle had gone. He gave Adele a note for me, which I burned without opening, thankful to see him no more.

There was much laughing badinage, when I made my appearance, about Norman De Lisle's absence. Everyone knew that something had occurred the night of my foolish escapade, and most believed it to be an engagement. The note Norman had taken care to leave for me, so publicly, confirmed this suspicion. But Mr. Rutherford never noticed the matter, or even me. He was seemingly absorbed with Eugenie La Croix. Need I say that I was as wretched as I could possibly be, when the night of the rose carnival came round?

CHAPTER VIII.

It was after seven o'clock, indeed fast approaching eight, and Adele was putting the finishing touches to my toilette. I had chosen the character of Perdita, taking the picture in Mr. Rutherford's studio for my model. I wore a dress of silver gauze, cut away from the neck and arms, with a blue girdle about the waist; a delicate wreath of rosebuds confined my curls; my breast-knot was of the same; and a garland of delicate white flowers fell a little below my waist, on the left side.

"You look as if you had just stepped out of the picture, miss. If there was only someone to take the other, now," said Adele, as she fastened a knot of flowers on my crook, and surveyed me delightedly.

"No likelihood of that," I said, as I wrapped myself in a long cloak, and left the house by a back staircase, gaining the entrance to the rose-garden unobserved.

It had taken so long to arrange the flowers, that I was a little late, and the garden was already pretty well filled, when I arrived. A brilliant calcium light flashed from the dancers' pavilion, rendering everything nearly as light as day; while myriads of colored lights, beside, shone everywhere; looking like great fireflies, amid the dark-green of the shrubbery. The fantastic figures moving to and fro; the sweet strains of the orchestra; the perfume of the flowers: made it seem like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights. I stood transfixed with delight. It was all so like a dream.

Suddenly a voice spoke, beside me:

"'These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora.
This, your carnival, is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't'."

I turned quickly. A mask, in the costume of the Florizel in the picture, bowed low before me. For an instant I was taken aback, then recollecting myself, I said:

"'Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me.'

Come, take your flowers," and selecting, as I spoke, a cluster of tea-rose buds from those on my crook, I held them out to him.

"'When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that. Each your doing
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens',"

sighed forth Florizel, as he fastened my blossoms on his crook.

"'Oh, Doricles,
Your praises are too large. I would be
Wooed with wisdom rather than flattery',"

I returned, determined not to be outdone in quotations, and only wondering who he was, and how it happened that his costume corresponded with mine so exactly.

"'I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose to put you to't'."

My reply was prevented by a flourish of trumpets, from two heralds in rose-colored uniform, who ran past, crying "Make way for the Queen of Flowers." Five or six young girls, in rose-colored gauze, singing and scattering flowers as they went, preceded a low gilt and white chariot, drawn by four milk-white goats. In the centre of this chariot stood a queenly Flora, her costume of rose-color and silver gauze completely covered with garlands of roses; a chaplet of the same confined her flowing jetty tresses; and in her hand she held a cornucopia, from which she scattered flowers as she passed. A guard of honor, composed of five or six gentlemen, in the garb of Greek warriors, surrounded the chariot. I was certain, from the majestic form, that this clever *chef d'oeuvre* was none other than Eugenie La Croix; and I looked eagerly among the Greek warriors for my guardian, who I was certain would be near her.

"What do your eyes seek, fair Perdita?" said the mask at my side, who seemed to be watching my every movement.

"A mate for the Queen of Flowers," I answered.

"That would be mine host; 'tis said he bows oftenest at fair Flora's shrine."

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," I said, half unconsciously.

"Dost pity both, or one alone?" asked the mask.

"That is a riddle for you to solve, mask," I returned.

"Then it must be our black-browed host, with his grim ways; for surely one would envy, rather than pity, a being so bright and beautiful as yon Queen of Flowers."

"Mr. Rutherford is not black-browed; and his ways are not grim," I said. "They are only real: and I would far rather deal with him than Eugenie La Croix's smooth tongue, with no heart to back it." I spoke indignantly, forgetting, for an instant, where I was.

"Oho! I thought you had neither eyes nor ears for anyone beside that pretty Apollo, Norman De Lisle, whom report says is to marry Mr. Rutherford's ward, thereby securing her fortune of a hundred thousand for his own uses, which, let me whisper in your ear, are various, and will not all bear the light of day."

"Report speaks wrong for once. Norman De Lisle is nothing to me, and never will be," I returned, hotly.

A page approached my companion, at this instant, and placed a slip of paper in his hand, uttering the word "immediate," in a low tone.

With a murmured "pardon," the mask drew near to a lamp, a little distance away. The contents of the note seemed to agitate him extremely. After a hurried question to the page, in so low a tone that I could distinguish neither question nor reply, he bowed profoundly to me, and disappeared in the crowd.

I watched him as far as I could see. Who was he, and what did he mean by his last remark? These were questions I asked myself over and over again. That he knew me was evident, and the more I thought over what had passed, the more convinced I was that he had a secret purpose in what he had said.

Tired at length with puzzling over it, I wandered to the other side of the garden. I was lonely and sad, and fairly loathed the gay scene before me. Almost unconsciously I stopped before the dog-rose. I was thinking over all that had passed since my arrival at Oakwood, and especially of the strange mystery that had met me at the very outset, and of which no one could tell me anything, when I was startled by a quick rush of footsteps down the laurel walk, and a man darted out from under the dog-rose and rushed into the crowd.

He was wrapped in a Spanish cloak, and his face was entirely concealed by a large cavalier hat; but a certain peculiarity of height and gait made me think of Norman De Lisle. What was he doing in that forbidden spot? And why did he seem in such haste? Guilty haste, it almost seemed to me.

Yielding to an impulse I could not define, I put aside the flowery screen, and hurried on toward the maze as if in search of something I dreaded, yet expected, to find. But the maze looked quiet enough in the white moonlight, the laurel assuming grotesque forms in the uncertain radiance. More than once I started at some fancied shadow. At last I was on the point of turning back, when, as I passed a thick clump of laurel, I was startled by a low moan. My heart almost stood still as I stopped to listen. Again I heard it. Quick as thought I parted the bushes, and there, in a heap, as if she had been thrust away for concealment, lay the Spirit of Laurel Walk.

CHAPTER IX.

REAL enough was the drooping head I raised on my arm, and real enough the long flowing hair I put aside from the face and bosom, shuddering as I felt the tresses wet and sticky in my grasp. Involuntarily I held out my hand in the moonlight. It was covered with a dark stain. With a horrible dread I placed my hand on her breast. The muslin of her dress was dripping with the life-blood that was ebbing from a wound there.

I shivered. What should I do? She might die there in my arms before help would reach us. As if in answer to my voiceless prayer, the echo of approaching footsteps smote my ear; and regardless of consequences I raised my voice and called. A minute passed which seemed an hour, and then the mask who had left me in the rose-garden stood before me.

"Help! She is wounded, dying," I gasped.

With an exclamation of horror, the mask was dashed to the ground, revealing, to my amazement, the face of Mr. Rutherford.

"My poor Irene, who could have harmed thee?" he cried, stooping over the inanimate form. "God help us! Has it come to this, that you are to die by a murderer's hand?"

There was a slight quiver of the eyelids; the glorious dark eyes opened once more; the lips essayed to speak, but failed; then all was over.

My guardian's tears fell like rain as he pressed his lips to the pale brow.

After a few moments he raised his face, white and set, in the moonlight, and with the words "follow me," lifted the slight form in his arms and walked swiftly through the maze.

I guessed where he was going, and was not surprised when I found myself passing once more through the arched doorway, up the narrow stairway, into the picture-gallery. I followed his rapid footsteps to the same place where the shadowy form that now lay so quiet in his arms, had shaken back her flowing hair and vanished from my bewildered sight.

Touching a concealed spring, the portrait of "Irene, youngest daughter of Neale Rutherford," swung back on concealed hinges, revealing a narrow opening, through which we passed into a large square room, lighted by a single lamp.

"Have you found her?" asked a voice from the far end of the room; and a tall figure staggered rather than walked forward, supported by Mrs. Haslitt. It was Mrs. De Lisle, her usually impassive face drawn and gray with anxiety.

"I have found her, but only to lose her. Some fiend has taken the wrecked life that God alone had a right to end," said Mr. Rutherford, as he laid his burden gently on the bed.

With a low moan of anguish Mrs. De Lisle flung herself by the side of the couch. It was a strange midnight scene. The dimly-lighted chamber, with its heavy old-fashioned furniture and faded crimson hangings; the slight form on the bed, with its blood-stained robe and long black hair sweeping the floor; the weeping woman by the bedside; and my guardian's tall figure, his face sterner and darker by contrast with the festive costume he still wore.

I felt as if I had no right to intrude my presence on their grief, so I slipped noiselessly from the room.

I stopped for an instant in the arched doorway. Afar off, I could catch the faint sweet strains of the orchestra. A step on the stairway overtook me. It was Mr. Rutherford.

"My poor child," he said, as he came up, "this has been a sad sight for you. Forget, if you can, the dark shadow which rests on Oakwood."

I could not speak, but laid my hand on his in mute sympathy.

"I know," he said, after a little, "I know we can trust you to keep the secret of my poor sister's death. As the last twelve years of her life were spent, so must her death be, both buried in utter oblivion."

"And the murderer?" I exclaimed.

"Is only too well known to me, I fear," and he showed me a stiletto, delicate as a lady's toy, which I recognized at once. I uttered an exclamation of horror. How often had I seen the weapon in Norman De Lisle's hand.

"It was entangled in the folds of her dress, where it had been dropped in haste."

I shivered.

"You tremble," said Mr. Rutherford. "No wonder. You should never have come to this ill-fated house. Here nothing thrives but sorrow, crime, and death. I would have made it different. But it is over now. A cloud blacker than night has enclosed it forever. Go. Leave us. Fly away as far as you can. Otherwise it will blast your young life as it did mine. Go, go," he repeated, almost fiercely.

"But I do not want to go," I said, placing my hand softly in his. "I am not afraid of the cloud. It will pass away. You will be happy yet."

"Oh! my darling, my darling, would I dared think so. How I have longed to tell you how I loved you, but dared not; it was not right. Oh! I would give worlds to win yours in return."

"You need not win it; it is yours already," I whispered, drawing close to him.

"This once, only this once. She will leave me when she knows all," he muttered, as he wound his arms about me.

The tragedy just enacted, the mystery of the place, the silent form above us, were all forgotten. I only realized that my guardian loved me; that his arms were around me; that his lips met mine.

"It will not last. I ought not to accept the sacrifice," he said, directly, and raised his head, looking mournfully down into my eyes.

"In perfect love is perfect trust," I whispered. And for answer he kissed me again and again, as if he would never let me go.

Of course the ordinary guests knew nothing of this tragedy, as most of them had already left when it occurred. It was even kept from Eugenie La Croix and her mother, with the other guests in the house, who were told the next morning that Mrs. De Lisle had been taken suddenly ill, which was true. The hint was enough; they packed their trunks and were all gone before the dinner-hour.

Adele had brought a note to me early in the morning, from Mr. Rutherford, saying that this was the excuse he intended to make for "speeding the departing guests;" but that he, personally, could not be present, as he had taken the first train to New York, on imperative business, and would not return before night-fall. "Would I, as his and Mrs. De Lisle's representative, bid good-bye to the visitors?" he said.

I must confess I rather enjoyed Eugenie La Croix's contemptuous stare as I made my aunt's excuses. In my superlative happiness in the knowledge that I had won where she had lost, I could forgive her patronizing tone, as she bade me farewell.

Before the night fell, the last of the guests had gone, and Oakwood was once more silent: silent now with the gray shadow of death. My guardian had said in his note that the funeral would take place at midnight, and at that hour a low knock came to my door, from Mr. Rutherford. I opened softly, and went out to him, and in a few moments the quiet obsequies were over.

Still keeping hold of my hand, my guardian led me from the cemetery to the rose-garden; and there, with the stars looking down on us, told me how that fair young life had been blighted

CHAPTER X.

"I WILL tell you here, where everything speaks to me of her," he began, "the story of her sad life; and that story will explain why I have always considered that there was an impassable barrier between me and your love. This very garden was laid out under her direction; she selected everyone of these roses herself; the laurel walk and maze were fashioned for her.

"At sixteen, my sister Irene was one of the fairest flowers God ever made. Talented, winning in manners, light-hearted, overflowing in spirits; everyone predicted a joyous future for her. She was our darling, our sunbeam; my father lived for her entirely.

"Jane, that is, Mrs. De Lisle, as you know, idolized her. She was ten years the elder, and strove in every way to fill a mother's place to Irene. To me she was a delicate flower, to be shielded from all ills. Alas! alas!"

He stopped for a moment, overcome with his recollections.

"Her greatest desire," he went on, "was to finish her studies abroad. Accordingly, she was sent to the south of France, where she remained three years. In the meanwhile, Jane was wooed and won by Norman De Lisle, a Frenchman, highly cultivated, with exquisite manners, but a man I never liked. He was as handsome as a Greek statue. Norman is like him, so you know how he looked. They were married in the spring, and as I was to graduate in the fall, it was decided to defer the bridal trip until then, when we could all go abroad together.

"We were growing, meantime, anxious about Irene. Her letters had changed of late: they were constrained and cold; they had no longer the charm of our playful Irene. In connection with this, I afterwards recalled the fact, that, from the first, De Lisle had not favored the trip to Europe. But Jane's mind was made up; and so, finally, we all went.

"Owing to some delays on the road, we did not see Irene until the day she graduated. It was in the crowded hall of the school-room that we first saw our darling. That pale hollow-cheeked creature: could that be our bright beautiful Irene? She did not seem to see us, or take any interest in what was passing, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on the floor.

"De Lisle had not gone with us to the school. Business had detained him; he would join us later, he told us. The exercises were half over, when he presented himself. The noise made by his entrance caused Irene to raise her eyes for the first time. They opened wide with astonishment and horror, and with a shriek she fell senseless to the floor.

"I dashed forward to raise her; but as I passed De Lisle, I caught sight of his face. It was like that of a dead man. Like a flash, it rushed across me, that, in some way or other, he was connected with Irene's swoon.

"For four long hours, Irene lay in a death-like stupor, and when she recovered consciousness, it was to look vacantly around, with a low mocking

laugh, that curdled the blood to hear. The light of reason had fled forever.

"No one, meantime, was able to tell us the cause. Her teachers attributed it to hard study. When her spirits failed, awhile before, they thought it homesickness, and had paid but little attention to it. But one day, Jane was writing to her husband; for De Lisle had left for Italy, the very day Irene was taken sick, on sudden business, as he told his wife. Accidentally, she let the writing-desk fall. It was one that had belonged to Irene. A spring of a secret door broke, a package of letters fell out, and then a photograph of Norman De Lisle. When I came back from a walk, I found my sister in a dead faint, on the floor, the proofs of her husband's villainy scattered about her.

"Irene had met De Lisle at the house of a friend, where she was spending her vacations. This was before De Lisle came to America, and met my elder sister. Under the assumed name of Rothermel, he persuaded her into a secret marriage, which was only a pretended one. Tiring, soon, of his pretty toy, and obliged to leave the country, owing to his debts, he wrote Irene a heartless letter, telling of the mock marriage, and sailed for America.

"Here he met the elder sister. Jane was heiress to a large fortune, left her by an aunt. Attracted by this wealth, he paid court to her, and won her, too. It was a daring game, but succeeded for a time. He got the control of the property, and had already spent a considerable portion of it, most of it in gambling, when we went abroad. Why he consented, even after all our urgency, to go to the place where he knew Irene was, I cannot imagine: a fatality, I suppose, drew him to the spot; or, perhaps, he hoped that Irene, for her own sake, would remain silent.

"In this he did not wholly miscalculate. Irene had kept her marriage such a profound secret, that no one knew of the terrible disgrace. Nor, but for the discovery of the letters, would we, perhaps, have ever heard of it. We left the place, taking Irene with us to Germany, where we consulted the most eminent physicians. But it was all to no purpose. At last we decided to return home.

"Irene was perfectly harmless, never speaking a word; only wringing her hands, as you saw her, and occasionally uttering a low moan. We left the steamer at night, and reached Oakwood by a night train, unknown to anyone but Haslitt, our faithful old butler, who had dispatched the servants on various errands from the house, leaving the way open for what I had planned.

"For I gave out that Irene was dead. The beautifully-furnished rooms prepared for our darling were closed up, and no one ever went into them but my sister and Haslitt. As I said before, Irene was perfectly harmless, fleeing from the approach of strangers. She loved to wander in the maze and laurel walk, where Jane generally took her at twilight, thereby giving rise to the story of the ghost, which served our purpose exactly. The fear of apparitions had no effect on you, we found, when you came: so we were obliged to keep Irene, after that, more closely confined. Twice she eluded us, when Haslitt had charge of her. Once, on the night I came home: the other, last night, that of her death.

"My father never recovered from the blow, but died within the year, exacting a promise from me never to marry while Irene lived. Jane changed from a bright merry girl into the stern religieuse you have seen, devoted to Irene, her child, and her church.

"De Lisle, in the meantime, had made his escape secure. I searched far and wide for him; for I had made a vow, if I met him, never to part from him alive. At last I found him. It was on a steamer, just sailing from Alexandria. I had dogged him to it, and went on board at the very moment the plank was being pulled in. He knew me at once, and the errand on which I had come. I can see him before me now, with his white terrified face."

My guardian paused, for a moment, and then added, solemnly:

"Thank God, I was spared being a murderer. He had been standing by the gangway, and at sight of me started back, fell overboard, and was drowned. God had avenged us Himself. From that day to this, I have never forgotten the terrified look in that man's eyes.

"Now, my darling," he said, after a pause, "you know all the horrid tale, and I cannot blame you if you shrink from me and mine—"

"Whither thou goest, I will go," I answered, interrupting him. "Where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"Thank God," said my guardian, as he clasped me in his arms. "Oh! thank God."

For a long time we were silent. Then, raising my head, I said: "I know, now, why you went to New York; it was in pursuit of Norman."

"Yes, I got a detective at once, and soon tracked him. Showing him the stiletto, I charged him with the murder of Irene. Taken by surprise, he confessed the crime, alleging he

had been driven to it by want of money. He knew nothing of the conduct of his father; but he was aware that Irene had money, and fancied that it would revert to his mother, in case of her death. You see the father's character was his to the full. A skeleton-key was fitted to the door; it was unlocked; and Irene, ever on the watch, walked blindly into the trap laid for her. When she was safely in the maze, he stabbed her, and concealed the body, thinking no one would suspect him. He was unconscious of the loss of the stiletto, until he was in New York. For his mother's sake I spared him, and must continue to spare him; but it is on the condition he leaves the country, never to return. My sister has no idea of his crime. It would kill her to know it."

"Oh, my love," he broke forth, after a moment, "how can I tell you what I endured, when I thought you loved this cold-blooded gambler, who was so like his father. Again I beheld a fair young life ruined; though then I hardly imagined Norman De Lisle would be a murderer. His mother's fortune is gone entirely, lost at the gaming-table; she has nothing beyond the annuity I give her."

"I thought you loved Eugenie La Croix," I said. "Norman De Lisle told me you were engaged to her."

"The villain, the double-dyed villain," said my guardian, and he clasped me closer to him. "I little thought," he went on, "that the slight young girl whom I met in the park, the day of my return, would be the guiding-star of my existence. The indignant way you spoke of me first moved me to see if I could not make you like me. You know what followed. At the beginning, I enjoyed your society, as I would that of a bright intelligent child, amusing myself by gratifying every fancy and whim that seized you, and enjoying life with a zest I had not known for years. But all this time, I never thought of falling in love with you. My first awakening was an intense jealousy of Norman De Lisle. Then the recollection of our seemingly doomed family, and of my vow never to marry while Irene lived, rushed over me with overwhelming force. I treated you as indifferently as I could, devoting myself to Eugenie La Croix. Yet I could not let you fall a victim to Norman De Lisle. I must, I said to myself, prevent that.

"When you left Mrs. Coralie's with him, that night, I was afraid he might persuade you into an elopement. Mr. Russel, who overheard the conversation, told me where you had gone. I followed. When I saw him holding your hands in his, my heart died within me. There was nothing for me to do but to put a bold face on the matter, and carry you off; hence the abruptness with which I burst in.

"Before Norman left, the next day, he told me that you returned his love, and had promised to marry him. I told him I could never, as your guardian, consent to it, and forbade him the house, at least while you were in it. The night of the carnival, I determined to warn you of your danger. From Adele I forced the secret of your costume. The rest you know."

The red sun was rising over the distant hills before this recital was finished.

"After the night comes the morning," I said, pointing to the rosy light that was rising, and broadening, and deepening in the sky.

"Amen!" answered my guardian, and he looked at the sky, and then stooped and kissed me reverently. "Please God, our future life shall be as bright as that."

It was now my turn to say "Amen." I said it with tears in my eyes.

C'EN EST FAIT.

BY AURORA VANE.

I LOVE thee, dear, come back to me,
My weary heart cries out for thee,
To see thy soft eyes radiant shine
With their old lovelight, rare, divine;
And hear thy lips so tenderly
Speak low and lovingly to me—
My heart it cries with bitter pain,
For that will ne'er occur again.

The blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
That you so often brought to greet
Me, with their beauty and perfumes,
White roses, lilies, orange-blooms,
And pansies, with their hearts of gold;
The bliss they gave is all untold.
Why brought you not to me the while,
One lotus of the far-off Nile?

That I might eat it and forget
My loss of thee, the toil, the fret,
The cares of life; for I would cast
The memory of the far-off past
Away; for naught can bring to me
Thee, with thy voice of melody—
O God above, alone can know
I loved you so, I loved you so!

A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE two young men were standing at their easels in the large and rather bare studio, which they shared together, in the artist-favored town of Munich.

Wolfgang Verner, the younger of the pair, a handsome, dreamy-eyed fellow of six and twenty, was deeply absorbed in his work, perhaps spurred on by the consciousness that the winter was passing rapidly, and that during the later weeks his efforts had been more spasmodic and broken than was wise or right. His companion had laid down his palette and mahl-stick, and with his hands in his pockets, was regarding his newly-finished picture through the clouds of smoke emitted from his meerschaum. Sometimes he nodded his head in a satisfied fashion as he studied the details of his landscape, bit by bit; sometimes he frowned, waving a finger threateningly at certain portions as if inclined even yet to pick up his brushes and paint them out. At length, however, the smile which curled his lip under its long drooping mustache showed that he had decided to follow the advice of the old proverb, and "leave well enough alone." The smile was rather sarcastic, though, as if he were mocking his own self-complacency; but then, most people thought that Gilbert Bradley mocked at everything; and he certainly did, at many things.

With far less regular features than his noticeably handsome friend, his face was very striking: full of talent and energy; though in addition to that ironical smile, the dark eyes had a piercing keenness which was not always agreeable. Often it seemed as if he were looking straight through one; and there are few persons who like to feel they are undergoing that operation. He was better-hearted, however, than he looked. He had reached thirty-one now; had acquired considerable reputation in his native land, America; and was held in high estimation among the art circles of Munich.

He had come back, late in the autumn, to the Bavarian capital, after an absence of more than a twelvemonth, and had joined Verner in his studio, an acceptable arrangement for both their slender purses. People considered them intimate friends; but handsome Wolfgang often felt that the intimacy consisted in Bradley's knowing him thoroughly; and deeply as he enjoyed his society and esteemed him as an artist and a man, there were moments when he was puzzled to decide whether he liked or detested his companion. He was romantic and enthusiastic, and Bradley laughed harshly at both qualities—laughed too at generosity, and even friendship.

Yet Wolfgang knew from personal experience that his friend could be kind; for their acquaintance had begun two years before, in Switzerland, by Bradley's nursing him, then a stranger, through a fever.

"I say," exclaimed Bradley, suddenly, as he turned away from the easel and glanced at his watch, "that puffed-up Crœsus, old Keppel, is keeping me waiting, to show his importance. He promised to be here at half-past one, to look at my picture; and it is nearly three—confound his impudence!"

"That's a nice way to talk of one of our leading burghers," said Verner.

"I can tell him one thing: for every five minutes longer he keeps me waiting, I'll add five Friedrich-d'or to the piece."

"I advise you not to frighten him off. You especially want this money. Besides, his ill-will could do you harm—and he can be savage enough when he is crossed."

"And how does it happen you know so much about him? I was not aware you were even acquainted."

"Oh, yes, I know him," said Verner, laughing with a certain bitterness, though his tone and words were playful. "I had once a friendly little interview with him that ended in his turning me, metaphorically, out of doors."

"What the deuce was it all about?"

"It was just a fortnight before you came back from Paris," said Verner, still going on with his work. "He had given a ball, that I was invited to. I had danced a little with his daughter, chatted with her a little more, taken her down to supper—and—and in the end I lost my head a little—"

"Ah!" interrupted Bradley. "His daughter—I'd forgotten he had one."

"She only came home from boarding-school this autumn; she's barely eighteen," answered Verner.

"So! And you fell in love with her?"

"Well, I believe I did. And what was more, I mentioned the fact to her that night."

"Ah!" said his friend. "And how did she take it?"

"She went to her father, the next morning, and told the whole story," said Verner, painting diligently on, without looking up.

"Oh!" ejaculated Bradley. Then, directly, he added: "Have you followed up the matter?"

"Do you think I have been wrong to try?" asked Verner, anxiously, still looking persistently at his picture, and painting busily away.

"Virtuous young painter!" cried Bradley, striking an attitude. "Why don't you carry off old Crœsus' treasure?"

"God forbid that I should ever ask her to do such a thing," exclaimed Verner, excitedly. "I am as poor as a rat. How could I support her?"

"Let her support you," returned Bradley, cynically.

"Mephistopheles!" cried Verner, half vexed, half laughing.

"Well, yes, for the nonce. I mean to play the part for Herr Keppel's benefit," said Bradley, laughing.

"Not an easy thing, you will find," answered Verner.

"We shall discover," returned the American, nodding his head emphatically.

At this instant there came a knock at the door; it opened; and a quick, rather pompous, but not unpleasant, voice called: "Too hard at work to hear, Herr Bradley; that's right, that's right, so I'll let myself in."

With the words, Johann Keppel entered, with the air of a person who felt that he was of sufficient consequence to enter where he pleased, and be certain of a welcome when he had done so. He was short, but he atoned for this by his breadth; and had a red, rather truculent face, lighted up by a pair of small black eyes, which made amends for their size by their shrewdness. A vain, arrogant, opinionated man in every feature, look, and movement, but as evidently a very intelligent one; not a bad-hearted man either, though assuredly he would be able to show himself very unpleasant to deal with, if opposed or thwarted, or, above all, if any lack of deference were shown; would, too, be much more techy and obstinate in a small matter than a large.

"Good-morning, Herr Keppel," said Bradley, politely enough, but certainly with slight show of cordiality, and less of deference.

"Good-morning—good-morning," rejoined the visitor, affably. "I am a little late. That would be unpardonable in a young fellow like you; but I have earned the right to be excused; besides, if I am ever behind-hand, I have a good reason. Had you given me up?"

"I had not noticed that it was past the hour you set," said Bradley, nettled into a deliberate falsehood by what he considered the other's insufferable air of patronage and consequence.

"I had a note from the Grand Chamberlain to answer; an unexpected visit from the new railway directors; and, just as I was setting out, there came a telegram from the Berlin Bourse," said Herr Keppel, in his turn nettled into more boastfulness than usual, by his host's speech.

"Is it cold cut?" asked Bradley.

Keppel had caught sight of Wolfgang Verner, and looked surprised to see him there; not pleased, either. He contented himself with a short nod and a muttered salutation, to which Verner responded by bowing with elaborate courtesy.

"I didn't forget you," said Herr Keppel, turning to Bradley, "you are a rising man—a rising man: an example to all our young German artists. Pity some of them wouldn't imitate you. And now where is this picture? Ha! That is it, eh?" going up to the easel and bringing his gold-rimmed eye-glasses to bear upon the painting. "Pretty—really very pretty! Good feeling. Good tone throughout. Execution excellent. Ah! that group of chestnuts is remarkably well done. I recognize the scene at a glance: Salzkammergut."

"It is a bit from the Stischthal, below Trent," said Bradley.

"Stischthal—Trent? Nonsense! Salzkammergut, plain enough. The hills, the vegetation, the great chestnut trees."

"I have the original sketch, Herr Keppel, that I made in the South Tyrol," persisted Bradley.

"No doubt, no doubt you made a sketch there; but this isn't it. You've mixed up the two in your mind—very easily done—you painter-chaps are always so absent-minded."

"Why!" retorted Bradley, "the chestnuts are proof enough; that kind don't grow anywhere near Salzkammergut."

"Don't grow there? Took my coffee every morning for a month under just such a group!" cried Keppel.

"In a garden or park, perhaps—planted; they don't grow wild there."

They contradicted each other pretty freely for some seconds, then suddenly, old Keppel, red as a turkey-cock, caught firm hold of his dignity, and said, in a series of gasps:

"You are right, of course, and I'm wrong, Herr Bradley! South Tyrol, eh, the scene? Of course, of course. Very pretty, the thing is; only unfortunately it won't do for me. I've half

a dozen South Tyrol landscapes in my collection already. Send it to Hartel's Permanent Exhibition. I'll speak a good word for you."

He walked away from the infuriated Bradley, waddled up to Verner's easel, stared at the woolly waterfall, and said: "Capital, capital—good feeling—excellent tone—make the middle sweep of the fall darker—good, very good."

In three minutes more he had gone, leaving Bradley choking with anger, and Verner nearly suffocated from laughter.

"He turned the tables on your Mephistophelean plan with a vengeance," cried Wolfgang. "He played with you—he corrected you—and if he didn't use you, he used you up!"

"Did he?" shouted Bradley. "Will you lay a wager, that before three months go by, I don't have him begging, almost on his knees, to have a picture from me at any terms?"

"That's ridiculous," said Verner.

"Perhaps it is," said Bradley, and changed the subject.

Half an hour later, Verner prepared to go out, arraying himself with great care to do so.

"Upon my word, you are a handsome chap," observed Bradley. "Ah, that old turtle said he had to drive out of town. You hope to meet Miss—Marguerite, is it?—on the promenade. By the way, show me her photograph."

"I haven't one."

"Go tell that to the marines. Come, out with it—you can trust me."

He had to coax a good while; but at last Verner produced the photograph from an inside pocket.

"By Jove! she is a lovely creature," exclaimed Bradley, after a moment's inspection of the card. "What eyes, what hair, what a heavenly smile; a Marguerite indeed."

The praises were sweet in Verner's ears, but he had the fear of missing the original, so he caught up his hat and demanded his treasure, which Bradley declared he could not give up yet.

"Let me keep it till you come back; nobody shall ever know. Oh, Jupiter! she is pretty."

It ended in his having his way; and when Verner was gone, Bradley sat studying the face, while a malicious smile gathered about his mouth. "I'll do it," he muttered. "I can get a photo from the shop: I know young Fessel well. I'll do it. Beg on his knees, the old salamander, for a painting? Indeed he shall. What's more, he shall give his daughter to Wolfgang Verner. The pair were meant for each other; such beauties, both. They call me a Mephistopheles, but, by Jove, I'll bring about a happy marriage."

Verner haunted every place where he was likely to meet the young girl, and sometimes Bradley accompanied him; and if he had been in love with the pretty creature himself, he could not have studied every look and lineament more closely than he did. Then he took a trick of coming to the studio late; of going away early; often not coming at all. But Verner was too full of his own matters to notice. Marguerite had vowed that if she could not marry him, she would never marry; and between letters, plans for meeting, hours of dreams, and so on, he had little leisure to spend in observing his friend.

About a month later, Keppel and Bradley met, one evening, at the Artists' Club, the first time they had encountered each other since the old gentleman's visit to the studio, he having been absent for a time, and afterward confined to the house by a bad cold.

"Ah, Herr Bradley," said the pompous burgher, "have you yet learned the difference between Salzkammergut and the Stischthal?"

"Oh, yes," replied Bradley; "and to prove it, I am painting a new Salzkammergut picture on purpose for you."

"Ah, so? Do you expect to force a picture on me?" cried Keppel.

"Force? Oh, no; you will buy it without persuasion," said Bradley; and went his way, leaving Keppel in a rage at such presumption, as he called it.

"The most impertinent puppy I ever met," said he, to an old Professor standing near.

"Got lots of talent to match it," replied his friend.

"If he had double of both, he should never sell me one of his things. The hangman take him—and me too, if ever I were such a fool," fumed Keppel.

A few mornings later, as Bradley and Verner were in their studio, the house-porter brought up a letter for the latter, which he opened, hastily read, and exclaimed:

"From Count Zimmerman. He is one of the Directors at the Polytechnic in H——. A good friend of mine. He says he considers my election almost certain; but he wants me to send a picture for their exhibition. I've nothing, however, but the waterfall."

"Which isn't finished," added Bradley.

"Three or four days' work would do it."

"It would take more time than that to dissolve that wool into water," said Bradley.

"Oh, confound your insolence. But I've nothing else. I must send it; I can't refuse," cried Wolfgang, in despair at once. "Come and look at it; I think I've bettered it. You see it

is most important I should comply with the request. Now, satire aside, what do you think?"

"Well, it's not one of your best, but it must go, I suppose," replied Bradley. "For any sake, make that water less fleecy."

"I must go and post a letter," said Verner, "but I'll come back immediately, and buckle to it with a will."

He was, however, gone for nearly an hour, during which time Bradley sat working and whistling. Two or three times he paused in the latter exercise, to laugh in a tone of very heartfelt and very malicious enjoyment.

The door opened suddenly, and Wolfgang Verner dashed into the studio with a precipitation which would have startled a nervous person. But Bradley painted diligently on.

"Bradley," exclaimed Verner, his voice half choked with anger and pain; "what have you done—in heaven's name, what have you done?"

"Well, what have I done?" returned Bradley, with a coolness and unconcern which roused Verner to absolute fury. He was close to the easel now, his hand extended in a threatening gesture, as if ready to take his companion by the throat. But Bradley looked up at him with a perfectly unchanged face, and asked again: "What is this I have done, Verner?"

"The most abominable, the most atrocious action any man ever committed!" gasped Wolfgang. "You—you—that picture you have had hung up to-day in Hartel's rooms; a Tuesday chosen, because there's always a crowd on this day, so that the whole town might know about it before night."

He paused, from sheer inability to articulate, so choked was he by passion.

"Oh, the *genre* picture I have been trying my hand at," returned Bradley, unmoved. "I don't see why you should be in such a state of excitement about it."

"You don't see—you don't see?" repeated Verner, absolutely foaming at the mouth. "When you paint a man kneeling at a girl's feet; she holding out a laurel wreath to crown him; and make the faces Marguerite Keppel's and mine, portraits—actual portraits!"

"Do you think the likenesses good?" asked Bradley, quietly.

"Heartless, infamous!" pursued Verner. "To have people join our names; to stare at us, and gossip about us."

"Bah! Let them gossip or be silent. Remember what Goethe says—'a man must never concern himself about the public if he wants to preserve his mind.' And I say, a painter must follow his inspirations. I do it, and care little what is said."

"You don't care, indeed. But Keppel, don't you think he cares? He has already heard; made a horrible scene with Marguerite; vows that I wanted it done in order to force him to consent to our engagement."

"He's an old fool, as usual," responded Bradley.

"And you: you are—are—oh, a malicious, treacherous, heartless, soulless rascal," shouted Verner.

"I'm glad you didn't say I was a poor painter. I should have considered that personal," said Bradley, growing more careless and provoking as the other's passion increased. "Why, when a man could get two such handsome creatures as models, it would have been a crying shame to neglect the opportunity."

"That wasn't your reason. It's a falsehood to give it. You painted it—"

"In order to do you a favor," interrupted Bradley. "You couldn't soften old Keppel's heart; but he will be manageable now."

"Ah, this is too much. You joke—you mock me. You are a miserable egotist. I'll waste no more words on you," cried Verner. "What I demand, what I insist on, is, that you go to Hartel's and order the picture taken down at once."

"It isn't necessary. Before to-morrow noon, old Keppel will have bought it. He shall pay a hundred Friedrich-d'or too," said Bradley.

"Ah, that was your reason; to win your bet; to force him to buy one of your pictures," exclaimed Verner. "Meaner and meaner. To choose such an artifice, regardless of the poor girl's feelings, of the injury you were doing the man you called your friend. Base—base—vile—oh, there are no words to express your conduct."

"Those are strong enough, and you needn't use any more of them, just at present," said Bradley, quietly, as he squeezed some fresh paint out upon his palette.

"If you don't like them, I'm ready to afford you satisfaction, and take it," retorted Verner.

"That sounds rather like a challenge, my young friend," said Bradley.

"Consider it such; it is one," hissed Verner.

"Very well; then that ends the first act," said Bradley, resuming his brush; "the talking part is finished."

Verner dared not trust himself to remain an instant longer in the room. He was actually afraid of committing some murderous assault, before the object of his wrath could defend himself. The pair did not meet again, until they stood face to face, in the early dawn of the next

morning, armed with the pistols which had been the weapon selected by Bradley. Verner missed his aim; Bradley fired in the air. But, in obedience to his principal's order, Verner's second insisted upon another shot. This time, Verner's bullet passed through his opponent's hat, and he himself received a wound in the left shoulder, and was carried senseless from the ground.

Of course the secret of the duel was kept as all such secrets are: supposed to be unheard of by the officers of the law, but known to half the town before nightfall. Verner's hurt was pronounced much less severe than the physicians at first feared; in fact, they declared that if he could be kept from fever during forty-eight hours, he would be completely beyond danger.

On the third morning after the encounter, Verner was lying propped up among his pillows. The doctor had only that moment left him, satisfied with his condition, and cheering his patient by the information that he should be allowed to leave his bed within a fortnight. The door opened again; Verner supposed the physician had come back, but as he looked down the shadowy room he saw Bradley approaching the bed.

"You?" he exclaimed, more in wonder than wrath. "You here?"

"Why of course I am," returned Bradley, calmly. "The doctor said I might venture in; we had to have our closing scene."

"Closing scene?" repeated Verner.

"Naturally. First the duel; now the reconciliation; then we shall be all in order," said Bradley. "My hitting you was an accident. I tore my hair in anguish. But since you will so soon be all right again, it's no matter—makes you more interesting."

"Mephistopheles!" exclaimed Verner, and for the life of him he could not help laughing, even in the midst of his anger. "Have you taken the picture away?"

"Sent word yesterday to Hartel to take it down. I was so anxious about you I forgot it till then," said Bradley, laughing, but with a little quiver in his voice. "I am, as you said, a selfish, cold-blooded egotist; but I've something that does duty for a heart, when you can manage to touch it. Apropos of pictures, yours ought to have gone before now, to the exhibition at H——."

"It had slipped my mind. It will be too late if it doesn't get there to-morrow!" cried Verner. "Would you ring—"

"I have already put it up in the packing-case; you will trust me to send it?"

"It is very kind of you," faltered Verner. "The address is—"

"Oh, I know. I would have sent it last night, but wanted your permission; it will go at noon." Verner tried to murmur further thanks, but Bradley interrupted him. "Can I be of any use here? I'm not a bad nurse."

"No, thank you; the old woman of the house does everything for me," said Verner. "I—I—can't quite forgive you, Bradley, but I appreciate your showing that you are sorry for the wrong—"

"Don't mistake," interrupted Bradley; "I'm sorry you got hit, but for nothing else. There, there, it's bad for you to excite yourself, so I am off;" and he took his departure.

Verner lay perplexing his mind over the incomprehensible ins and outs of his former friend's character, unable, as he recalled many proofs of his kindness, to be as angry as the treachery in regard to the picture deserved; then fell fast asleep for a long hour.

When he woke and looked towards the foot of the bed, he thought he must be dreaming still, for he saw Herr Keppel sitting there.

"Ah, my boy, you have had a fine nap," said the old gentleman.

"Herr Keppel, Herr Keppel! How good of you to come; how can I thank you for your kindness?" exclaimed Verner.

"I have come to thank *you*," said the visitor. "Only you must keep perfectly quiet, else I can't stop. The doctor made me promise."

Verner stretched out his hand. His eyes were filled with tears, and he tried to speak, but could not.

"There, there, it's all right," cried Keppel, unsteadily. "You are a splendid fellow, Verner; I did you an injustice. I have come to say so. I thought you and that scamp had hatched that accursed picture-plot between you."

"Great heavens, do you think I would have so hurt the being I love better than my life—oh, I beg your pardon, but I must say it!"

"You needn't beg pardon of me," returned old Keppel, with an odd smile. "Let me finish. I thank you; you have behaved nobly. If only that bullet had gone into that rascal's gullet, instead of your shoulder."

"Oh, Herr Keppel, he has been here. He says the painting has been put out of sight."

"No such thing; it still hangs in the gallery."

"Why, then, he is worse than I thought!"

"He couldn't be," said Keppel. "But it's not his fault that the picture is there. I wouldn't let it be taken down."

"I don't understand."

"I do. That rogue thought to force me into

buying it. No, indeed. Let it be seen. I'll show him that he can't drive Johann Keppel. I say, I heard yesterday that you are pretty certain to get the vacant professorship at H——. When does the election come off?"

"In about a week."

"Good! I have influence there: it will be used," said Keppel. "You may consider yourself safe."

"You are too good to me—too good."

"The salary is a fair one," said Keppel. "You can support a wife on it, and so you and Marguerite shall have your way; and that devil of a Bradley shall see that his malice was wasted."

In his weakened state, the bewildering joy those words gave was more than Verner could bear: he could only cover his face with his hands, gasp broken words, and shake from head to foot, in an excitement which frightened old Keppel terribly.

"But you must be quiet—you'll do yourself a mischief," said Keppel.

"I can't be quiet till—till I have seen her," cried Verner.

"Then I'll go fetch her," said Keppel; and he did.

Ten days later, Bradley was sitting at work in his studio, unusually cheerful from having heard that Verner was able to sit up. Bradley had not repeated his visit. He had done all he could. When Verner recovered, he must himself decide what their future relations were to be. Meantime, Bradley had heard of the engagement between the young couple. On the previous evening, also, a telegram from H—— had apprized him of Verner's election to the professorship.

"After all," said Bradley, half aloud, "Mephistopheles doesn't make a bad friend. I dare say he will never forgive me, and certainly his future wife and her father never will. But that's no matter. I don't know of any other mischief I can do in this dull old town, so I think I shall go to Paris, and perhaps on to America."

His reverie was interrupted by the opening of the door, unheralded by the ceremony of a knock, or any request to be allowed to enter. He looked up. Old Keppel was bouncing into the room, nearly breathless from the haste with which he had mounted the stairs, and so red in the face that he looked as if illuminated by a Bengal light. He flung himself into a chair, without removing his hat; leaned both hands on his knees; bent forward, and stared at Bradley.

Bradley, in return, stared at him.

"You're a devil, Herr American—a regular devil," panted the old gentleman, though he was half laughing, in spite of the fierceness of his words.

"Are you expecting your declaration to bring on an assault upon your person, Herr Keppel?" asked Bradley.

"An assault? No—why?"

"Because you cover your venerable head so carefully," replied Bradley.

"I've something to do besides think of ceremony," cried the old man.

He took off his hat, nevertheless, deposited it on a table near, and continued: "No, no, I didn't come to assault, or be assaulted. You have beaten me, and I have come to say so, and ask for peace. Young man, you have beaten Johann Keppel, and you are the first person who ever did that."

"I am quite in ignorance of having done so, Herr Keppel," said Bradley, with a bow.

"Nonsense!" retorted Keppel. "You said you would force me to buy your picture. Well, you have. I've come to do it. Now, what's the price?"

As he spoke, he took out of his pocket two small rolls, which to the initiated eye evidently held gold pieces.

"I don't happen to have a picture to sell, at present," said Bradley.

"In fact, I have come to pay for two," pursued Keppel, unheeding.

"Since I haven't even one—" responded the American.

"See here, Bradley, it's of no use. I have just come from H——; I went over, yesterday."

"You had a pleasant day for your journey," said Bradley.

Keppel shook his fist at him, and proceeded:

"I went over because the election for the professorship was to take place, and I wanted to use my influence in Wolfgang's favor. I called on my old friend, the President, and he told me I might have spared myself the trouble. The committee had been so much pleased with the picture Verner sent to their exhibition, that they had come to a unanimous decision, in advance, to offer him the position."

"How unlucky that I aimed so badly," said Bradley. "If I'd killed him I might have got naturalized and gone in for the post myself."

"So then," pursued Keppel, with another shake of his fist, "I thought I would stroll into the gallery and have a peep at the boy's picture."

"I hope you liked it," said Bradley.

"I got the catalogue; hunted up the number; went into the second room; and there, with Wolfgang Verner's name in the corner, I found that landscape of yours, that we quarreled over in this very studio, a few months ago. Your landscape!"

"Verner's landscape. It had become his," replied Bradley.

"And now you must let me pay for it and get it away."

"You can't pay me for what isn't mine, Herr Keppel," said Bradley. "Stop—hear me out—there must be no discussion. The only picture Wolfgang had to send was not worthy of him, for he has a great deal of talent; and it was all your fault. You had driven the poor fellow half distracted by separating him from your daughter; and work, so as to do himself justice, he could not. I knew my picture was a good one, so as Verner was safe in bed, thanks to me, I put aside his woolly waterfall and sent that."

"Will you let me thank you?"

"There's no reason, since I didn't do it on your account."

Keppel rubbed his nose violently, then said:

"But the picture can't stay there. If Wolfgang saw it he would refuse the professorship, and insist on another duel into the bargain. You can see that."

"You've a head for business. I suppose you have a plan?"

"Yes; to pay you for the picture; also to send a check for fifty Friedrich-d'or to the secretary, ordering the painting to be sent at once to —to—well, say Henry Stuart, Glasgow, Scotland."

"Do it," said Bradley. "But let there be no talk about paying me, else we shall quarrel."

His face showed that he was in earnest; and Keppel had to accept the situation.

"Well, what is the price of the figure-piece at Hartel's?" he asked.

"Oh, that," said Bradley. "I painted it in order to secure Verner his wife; and I shall send it to him as a wedding-present."

"Come, don't completely overwhelm me," cried Keppel. "As you are strong, be merciful. I want the picture. Name any price."

"The price is what I set on it at first: a hundred Friedrich-d'or; and in addition, your written declaration that I sold it to you at your urgent request," said Bradley.

"Here's your money," cried Keppel, eagerly, laying down a rouleau of gold. "Give me pen and paper."

He wrote the declaration. Bradley read it and laid it aside. Then the two men stood for an instant looking in each other's face. Keppel's was red and angry, but after choking and puffing in an extraordinary fashion, he said with a laugh:

"I don't suppose I shall ever forgive you, but I thank you heartily, all the same."

The first day Verner was permitted to go out of doors he went to his future father-in-law's house. Before he left, he was taken by old Keppel into the picture-gallery, where, to his unbounded surprise, he saw Bradley's production that had been the cause of so much distress and so much happiness.

"I thought, after all, that as the rogue had done us a good turn, I'd better let him win his wager," said Keppel. "Besides, both portraits are very good."

In a fortnight more, Verner went over to H—— to spend the day; and was received with great deference by professors and pupils. Perhaps the knowledge that within the month he was to become the son-in-law of one of the richest men in Munich had something to do with their enthusiasm. But Verner was too happy to think of that.

"I want to go into the exhibition-gallery and see how you have hung my landscape," he said to the secretary, as he was standing in that gentleman's office.

"It is no longer there," replied the urbane official. "I wanted to write to you, but as we knew you were coming so soon, the President advised me to leave the matter, so as to make a pleasant item in your visit."

"Why, what has been done with it?" asked Verner.

"It is sold, and on its way to Scotland," rejoined the secretary. "The money has been paid in, and is at your disposition, if you will kindly sign this receipt."

"Sold!" thought Verner, as he walked away on air. "Sold! And that old Mephistopheles, who laughed at what he called my woolly waterfall. I'll write to him to Paris, to-morrow, and give him the news."

"FEAR NOT."

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

The threads, they cross, they tangle, break;
The pattern runs awry.
Yet patience! Web can never make,
But under God's own eye.

The mighty engine throbs and strains,
The cars they jerk and reel.
Fear not! For God, He rules and reigns,
He holds the driving-wheel.

BRIBED TO BE AN OLD MAID.

BY JENNIE T. CLARKE.

I SAT down on the velvet cushion, at mamma's feet, rumpling her snowy wrapper in the attempt to put my head in her lap.

Mamma passed her soft small hand over my long disordered hair, and parted the curling black fringe across my forehead, to press a kiss there, before she spoke.

"What is the matter, my child?" she asked.

"I think it is this picture," I said, tossing a photograph into her lap. I had just received it in a letter. "I can't look at it without envying Laura Desmond."

"But why? You surely do not envy Laura her appearance?"

"But I do, mother. I don't like to be called dark and piquant. I want to be fair, and calm, and quiet."

"Why, Ada, I am amazed. Don't you know that a certain gentleman admires brunettes? Must I remind you of the lines I heard him repeat, as describing you:

> 'She walks in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
> And all that's best of dark and bright
> Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
> Just mellowed to that tender light,
> Which heaven to gaudy day denies.'"

She stooped to kiss me. But I hid my face in her dress, like a pettish child.

"Don't quote Theo Rounsaville to me," I said, shortly. "Who cares for his opinion?"

Now the truth was, I did care for his opinion, and cared for it a great deal too much. At one time he had been very attentive to me, and I had been flattered by it, as any girl would have been; for he was not only the handsomest and wealthiest, but also the most accomplished bachelor in the neighborhood. But with the perversity of my sex, I had affected to be indifferent to him, until, tired of my coquetry, he had transferred his attentions elsewhere. A month, now, had passed since he had visited me. A few evenings before, I had met him at a ball, and he had not even once asked me to dance; but had devoted his time, almost exclusively, to Jennie Charlton, who was a great heiress, as well as a celebrated blonde beauty. If the truth must be told, I had been, ever since that night, devoured by jealousy. It was this that made me so miserably unhappy now.

"But we were talking of Laura," I said, changing the subject. "She has every luxury, and I am so dependent."

"You know, my dear," said mother, in a grave, troubled voice, "that Uncle Adam's home is yours, as long as you choose to remain here; and that he never wounds us by speaking of our dependence."

"But he expects me to marry, and it galls me to know that he expects me to relieve him of a burden in that way. Now, Laura Desmond—"

"Hush, Ada, hush. Laura confesses that her father wishes her to marry a man whom she dislikes. There is no such necessity for you."

"Not at present, mother. But Laura is not compelled to marry at all. She has a plenty to support her, and I must have somebody to take care of me."

"I do not wish you to marry, my daughter, except for love."

"Fiddlesticks!" said I, inelegantly. "I tell you, nine women out of ten marry for homes, or for fear of being old maids. I believe Uncle Adam is miserly. If he would die and leave me a legacy, or give me a few thousands, I would live single all the days of my life."

A door opened at that moment, and Uncle Adam walked straight into the room. Uncle Adam was a rather old gentleman, but always good-natured. Even now he did not look the least bit offended, though he must have heard all I had said. I jumped up, thoroughly ashamed of myself. But he only said:

"Come, come, my little girl, this is pretty hard on your old uncle. I'm sorry you think me such a miser."

"Oh, uncle," I pleaded, "please forgive me. I didn't mean that, at all. I'm out of spirits, and that makes me unjust."

"Well, never mind," said Uncle Adam, bustling across the room and taking a seat. "Come here, Miss Ada. I have a proposition to make. I don't want to be poisoned for a legacy—don't interrupt me, my dear—so I am going to give you a little present, instead. Suppose I bribe you to be an old maid, eh? I will settle ten thousand dollars on you now, on condition you live and die Ada Lyon, spinster. There!"

"If you will forgive and forget all my ugly speeches, uncle," said I, "I'll agree to the condition with pleasure."

"Ada!" said mother, faintly.

"Let her alone, Agnes, let her alone," said Uncle Adam, with a majestic wave of the hand. "She shall take the matter into due consideration. See here, Ada, we must have a clear understanding. There is to be no drawing back. If you sign the necessary paper, the money is yours at once; but should you ever marry, you forfeit every cent. Are you ready to ratify the contract?"

"Yes, uncle, at once; and I will show that I am in earnest."

"Stop, stop—not at once. I'll give you till night to think about it. Don't be rash. In order to escape being called a miser I'll bribe heavily." And Uncle Adam unceremoniously marched out of the room.

I turned to mother, flushed with triumph. She was still sitting by the window, looking pale and troubled.

"Ada, come here," she said, almost in a whisper. "Look out. Isn't that Theo Rounsaville?"

I sprang to her side. An open landau, drawn by two superb gray horses in gold-mounted harness, had just been driven up the avenue. Their master, throwing the reins to a servant, now descended.

"He has come to ask you to drive with him," said my mother; "at least it looks so."

I blushed furiously. "Do you think so, mother?" I said. The moment after, our visitor was announced.

What a delightful day that was! We drove down to the beach; the solemn ocean monotone seemed changed to joyous music. Then we went round through the pine woods. Then we came home, while the western sky blazed with the sunset, and the gray twilight had set in. My accepted lover, for he had proposed and I had accepted him, bade me good-bye at the door and went down the avenue.

I ran upstairs and into my mother's room, stopping only to throw off my hat and gloves.

"Well, Ada?" was mamma's inquiry.

"All's well, mamma," I answered, laughing and blushing.

But when I had finished my little confidences, she said, still smiling, however:

"You will be a portionless bride, remember, my darling."

For the first time, I thought of that odious contract.

"Do you suppose Uncle Adam meant all that?"

"I don't doubt it," she replied; "and you promised to arrange it finally, to-night, Ada."

I jumped up. "I am going now," I said.

"What will you say to Uncle Adam?"

"Never mind, I'll fix it," I answered, gayly. "I'll either coax him or scare him."

I laughed all the way down to the study, until by the time I reached the door my eyes were full of tears. I let them stay, paused to collect my ideas and compose my face, then tapped at the door in a subdued way and, went slowly in.

Uncle Adam had taken the shade off the reading-lamp, laid his meerschaum down by it, and was busily writing.

"Take a seat, take a seat," he said, without looking up. "I'll have everything ready in a few minutes. What is your conclusion?"

I seated myself in a great arm-chair close to him, sighed deeply.

"I'll sign it, uncle," I said, and sighed again.

"Well, what's the matter?" he said, looking round at me.

"I'm afraid it will make me very unhappy," I said, with another sigh.

"Why, Ada," he said, in a puzzled way, "I thought it was the very thing to make you happy. What do you mean?"

"Yes, Uncle Adam," I said, having recourse to my handkerchief; "but then I don't want to live single."

"Oho!" said he. "You've changed your mind. You don't want the money?"

"Yes, I do," I exclaimed, with a hysterical little sob. "I love him; but I won't marry without anything of my own. I'm ashamed."

Uncle Adam never could stand tears. He left his chair, and took my hands from my face.

"Ada," he said, severely, "tell me instantly, straight up and down—whom do you love?"

"Mr. Rounsaville," said I, solemnly.

"You are a foolish child," said Uncle Adam, gently patting my head. "I knew Rounsaville was coming here to-day, and so I wouldn't let you bind yourself by any promise until he came. But what absurd nonsense is this? Come, child, I won't bribe you to live single. If you marry Rounsaville, I'll give you ten thousand dollars."

"Will you, uncle?" I cried, in ecstasy.

"Don't cry any more, then," he said, almost tenderly. "Kiss me, my dear, and go tell your mother."

I ran upstairs.

"Mamma," I called, "I've taken the bribe."

I frightened her dreadfully, but soon explained.

And Uncle Adam gave me, on my wedding-day, the ten thousand dollar check, with which, originally, he had BRIBED ME TO BE AN OLD MAID.

RULE OR RUIN.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 413.

CHAPTER XV.

THE great Council-fire was quenched, the assemblage over, and to the north, south, and west, the sachems of the Six Nations made their way homeward, fired with a new war-spirit, laden with presents, and inspired by a new treaty to stand side by side with their English allies to the death.

But the Cayuga chiefs were less contented than their brethren, for the pride of their nation had been left behind; and both Dahionet and Father Meda sat, laden with thought, in their canoes, sad and sorrowful, because of their loss; for Angela and Okalona were to journey down the Hudson, with Governor Clinton and his party.

Even to his own mind, Father Meda could hardly answer for the impulse of self-abnegation that had seemed to enforce his consent to this separation from his grandchild, who was to him as the best blood of his heart. Only the day before Clinton broke up his little court, Grace had come to the missionary, with eager longing in her face, and, though proud to everyone else, was so humble with the old man, that, unconscious of the act, she fell upon her knees by his chair, and with such affectionate pleading as no man could have resisted, besought him to let Angela go with her down to the city, where she might see a little of the world, and, for the time, be with her as a sister.

This fair young patrician did not dream of the shock which this request gave to the old man; but she saw that he turned deadly white, and a gleam of almost angry doubt came into his eyes.

Did he feel, at this moment, as if circumstances were enthralling his will, and forcing him into a path from which every impulse of his nature retreated? How could he refuse this young girl the right to seek happiness in her own innocent way? How could he part with her, or thrall her freedom by his authority? What spirit of good or evil had brought this fair girl to his feet, with a petition that seemed to be wringing the life from his heart?

"Why do you come here to ask this?" he said. "Angela has never been away from me in her life. I tell you she is content in the forest. She loves her duties, and she has always Okalona for a companion."

"But that is not enough," said Grace; "besides, we will take the pretty wild bird also, if she will go. It will be like taming an oriole. By and by you shall have them back again."

"But how? But how?" questioned the old man, with painful anxiety burning in his usually mild eyes. "Is it that you wish to make my child like the English woman who has come among us?"

"Heaven help us, no," cried Grace, with a gesture of passionate disdain. "It is partly to avoid her that I wish to have Angela with us. She is resolved to go with her, back to your home on the lake, and Angela trembles at the thought. She turns pale when my lady speaks of it."

"Well she may," muttered the missionary, under his breath, while a choking sensation came into his throat.

"You are troubled, I see that. You shrink from this lady as she does—as I do. With her, alone in the wilderness, it will be horrible. You could not refuse her shelter in your lodge, nor always be there to soften this unnatural companionship."

The old man listened; he seemed to be making up his mind to something that must be painful, turn which way he would; all the sweet serenity of his character seemed broken up. He was like a man hunted down by some enemy.

"I have always put the idea of destiny aside," he muttered, shaking his head as if the idea stung his brain; "but it is upon me now. It brought me here; it is dragging me out of my solitude: for where she goes, I must follow—will follow, as long as this evil creature is near."

The old man seemed to be wandering. Grace could not comprehend the meaning of his words. He saw her amazement, and sought to compose himself.

"Are you sure this lady means to join the Cayugas in their route home?" he questioned.

"Yes; she told me so herself. Sir William Johnson has provided an escort for her. John Roach, the fur-trader, answers for her safety, and will go with her."

"He too?" exclaimed the missionary.

"That is why Okalona will be best with us," said Grace, hesitating a little. "If the pretty sprite can be induced to go."

The old man was greatly disturbed.

"Does Angela know of this?" he said. "Is it her wish you are urging?"

"She only knows that I desire it above all things, and that the Governor has set his heart on having her with us for a time."

There was something else the old man wished to say, but he could not force himself to speak of Lord Fausbrook. Perhaps Grace understood his hesitation.

"Lord Fausbrook has tried to dissuade his mother from this undertaking," she said, "but proposes to go with her if she persists."

A look of partial relief came into the old man's face.

"You will let her go with us?" exclaimed Grace, reading the change in his countenance almost as a consent.

"It would be ungracious to refuse, and perhaps unwise. Give me a little time, lady, to think of it. Angela is a fortunate girl in having so sweet a friend. Believe me, I am grateful."

Grace, feeling that her case was almost won, stooped forward and kissed the old man's hand with reverent affection, as if he had been her own father. Then she left him alone, thoughtful and greatly troubled by what he had heard; while Grace Morton, flushed with almost assured success, went at once to Angela's room, where she found the young lady seated on a stiff high-backed settee, cushioned with crimson stuff, and inlaid with different colored woods in the elaborate Dutch style, that is resurrected in fragments by curiosity-hunters up to this day. She looked up eagerly as Grace came in, and a flush of expectation made her countenance beautiful with the stsange new life that had dawned upon it of late. She did not speak, but no language could have been more eloquent than that look.

"It is almost settled," said Grace, seating herself upon the crimson cushion of the settee. "The dear old man hesitates; looks perplexed; is going to think himself miserably lonesome; but the Governor will throw in a word of persuasion, and to-morrow or next day we shall be on ship-board, sailing down the great river, on our way to the world which you have only seen in gleams and flashes up here."

"But my grandfather will not go with us?" questioned Angela, and the flush of color died out of her face. "Oh, Grace! I could not let him go back yonder alone. Our cabin on the lake would be like the nest of a dead bird to him."

"But there is Okalona," said Grace, casting a mischievous look on the Indian girl, who lay with her slender limbs outstretched on a rug of beaver-skins that she had dragged to Angela's feet. The pretty savage started, and rested on her elbow, with her bright face and flashing eyes uplifted eagerly.

"Where Angela goes, I go," she said.

Grace smiled, but shook her head as if this idea disturbed her. She knew well enough that any suggestion she might make would arouse opposition in the young creature, and adroitly guided it according to her own wishes.

"That is impossible," said Angela, aiding her friend's tactics with perfect unconsciousness. "Dahionet would never consent."

"And you have no care. It is her you wish to be with; for this you send Okalona, like a wild bird, back into the woods; but she will not go—she will not go!"

The girl sprang up, and stamped her foot on the fur mat with passionate violence. Her eyes flashed through tears; her mouth quivered, and underneath the lips her small teeth clinched.

"But you do not like white people," said Grace.

"No!" answered Okalona, flashing back a look of defiance; "I hate white people. They take Angela from me; they charm us with sweet words, and hide their tomahawks under their blankets, smiling as they strike."

"But not all. You do not say this of John Roach, for instance?"

A flood of crimson swept Okalona's dusky cheeks. She stood a moment with bowed head, and then sank slowly to a sitting posture on her mat.

Angela was so accustomed to the wild flights of this young creature that she scarcely observed this change in her demeanor; but Grace understood it clearly.

"He—I mean this fur-trader—is going with Lady Fausbrook into the Cayuga country," she said.

"With that she-fox?" whispered Okalona, through her shut teeth.

"And the daughter of Dahionet can go with them, and help paddle my lady's canoe," said Grace, relentlessly.

"The daughter of Dahionet goes with Angela down to the white man's city," answered the girl, drawing up her slender form till it looked

almost queenly. "Without Okalona, she shall not go at all; I have said it."

"Is it certain? Will Lady Fausbrook really venture into the woods so far?" asked Angela, with renewed anxiety. "She does not love my grandfather; why then does she care to follow him or me?"

"That is what perplexes us all," said Grace; "but never mind her motive: it will at any rate take her in one direction while we go another; for go with us to New York you must and shall: for a month at least you shall live in the world."

Grace Morton, as she spoke, reached out her hand, but the Indian girl put hers behind her back and retreated slowly.

"You will say nothing to anyone about the things we have talked of," said Grace, almost provoked by the girl's persistent dislike. "Nothing is sure yet."

"Savages know how to keep silent," was the sullen answer; and with that the strange creature went out of the room.

"I should think you would be afraid of her," said Grace, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "Sometime when the wild blood in her veins takes fire, she may prove a dangerous companion."

"Afraid of Okalona?" said Angela, with a bright smile. "I should have more fear of the humming-bird that shakes perfume from the wild vines at our cabin window, than of Okalona."

CHAPTER XVI.

It is not strange that both the missionary and Dahionet were grave and anxious, as they joined the little fleet of canoes that made its way up the Mohawk. It is true they had not as yet been joined by my lady and her escort; but that seemed by no means singular, as these had arranged to travel on horseback, and keep a trail parallel with the river. Of course they could not know anything of the progress or number of those who formed my lady's escort, and might not expect to meet them before they reached Skaniateles, or one of the two other lakes on which various tribes of the nation had erected their villages and castles; but down in Albany, the whites assembled there were somewhat better informed. They had been not a little surprised when tribe after tribe swept away into the wilderness, after the great Council; and when all were gone, that one strange girl, bright as a flamingo and wild as a hawk, should be left behind with the missionary's daughter, after the old man himself had gone side by side with Dahionet, and entered the last canoe of the little fleet like mourners at a funeral.

Of course these men fully believed that Lady Fausbrook and her son would set forth immediately on their route for Cayuga; but there was some delay. My lady had her caprices, and was not yet quite ready for the saddle. The presence of Angela and her Indian friend, after Father Meda's departure, puzzled her; and she was not willing to depart on her expedition until quite assured of their destination. It had been Grace Morton's policy to keep this a secret; and it was only a few hours before the two vessels in the river lifted anchor, that Roach became aware that both Angela and Okalona, the two chief objects of his interest, were about to sail for New York, with Governor Clinton and his party. Up to this period, the young man had been greatly occupied in preparing for the expedition to Cayuga; his time had been mostly spent with Sir William Johnson, at his residence, some distance from the city. This made it almost impossible for him to form plans for what seemed accidental meetings with Okalona, or to see the missionary's daughter by real accident, as he had sometimes done when the Council was in progress.

The evening before the Governor had arranged to leave Albany, which was to be the signal for Lady Fausbrook's departure for the Indian country, he lingered about the grounds, almost within the lights of that old Dutch mansion, hoping to catch a glimpse of Okalona.

At last his vigilance was rewarded. He saw her come out of the open hall-door and pause upon the steps, with a light from a lamp, swinging from the ceiling within, falling richly on her picturesque costume and wildly beautiful head. She stood some minutes gazing out into the shadows thrown by a clouded moon, then ran down the steps, startled by some sound that might have been imperceptible to another, but which brought the breath quickly to her lips—a sound so faint that it seemed like the chirp of a nested bird calling to its mate. Swift as the listening bird might fly, Okalona darted into the thick of the shrubbery and found John Roach standing there.

"At last," he said, reaching out his hand, as if to draw her towards him. "At last you have come to me. Night after night I have watched for you, till the moon went down; but you have not cared. You have learned to sleep soundly in the white man's house."

Okalona drew back from the treacherous hand outstretched for her.

"That is not true," she said, with the audacious frankness of her race. "Each night I have been here all alone, wandering through the bushes, calling softly, with no one to answer; for my heart was made heavy by words from the

white lady in yonder, and I wanted to ask the truth of you."

"What truth is it that you want, Okalona?"

"Is it true that you go to the lands of my people with that white lady, with eyes like a robin's egg that has grown cold in the nest, and a mouth full of whispered lies? That is what I ask."

"I go to the lodges of the Cayugas that I may see Okalona every day; shoot birds with her in the woods; hook fish with her in the lake; read to her when she is tired of that, and love her always, better than any other woman that ever lived. That is why my horses are saddled and my men armed for a journey to-morrow. Will you come with me, Okalona—will you come?"

"Then the white lady is a lie. It was not for her you saddled the horses," said the girl, with a sudden burst of exultation.

"Not for her, no. No, Okalona, she will ride among the men Sir William Johnson has sent as escort for her. You and I will ride by ourselves, in advance or behind. We shall have days and days together, with nothing but the songs of waters and whispering leaves to listen, when I say how much I love you, or you answer back as the birds do."

Still Okalona held herself erectly, and drew back.

"But this white woman has ears."

"Yes; but you and I will keep away from her."

"And eyes that look sideways, like a trout's, when he turns from a bait he does not bite. I will not go with this woman; no, not if she were miles before or behind."

"Okalona, you do not love me."

"Well," answered the girl, haughtily.

"This lady is old."

"Our old women do not travel in the woods."

"She does not love me. Indeed, loves no one but herself."

"Then why does she ride with you, day after day, in the great wilderness, with nothing but whispering leaves to tell what you say, and waters to sing to you?"

"Ah! that is a question I cannot answer. Before we leave the Cayugas, perhaps, we may find out."

"What does the lady seek up yonder?"

"She goes to join the missionary and his daughter."

The man's voice faltered a little as he spoke thus with apparent indifference of Angela. The quick perception of the girl received this change of intonation with a fresh thrill of jealousy, and, forgetting the charge of silence given her, she answered, quickly:

"But Angela stays behind."

"Stays behind? But where?"

Roach forgot to conceal the anxiety he felt. Okalona laughed with savage enjoyment, till her teeth glistened in the moonlight.

"Ah! you thought that she, too, would be on the trail, riding, like Okalona, behind the grand white lady. But Angela knows better. She will go down the great water-path."

"Down the great water-path? When? With whom?"

"With her own people, where she will be a queen."

"Tell me, you mischievous witch, tell me what all this is about. I do not believe you."

"Okalona never lies. She has no white blood in her heart," said the girl, stung into dignity by his words.

"But what you say is impossible. Angela goes with her grandfather, back to Skaniateles. And you?"

"Go with her down the great water-path, in a big canoe that lies down yonder, like an eagle with its wings folded."

Roach seized the girl by the arm, half angrily; but assuming an air of rude playfulness.

"Okalona, you are vexed with me—you are jealous."

"Jealous? What is that?" questioned the girl, shaking herself loose from his hold. "More lies that you find on my lips?"

"No—no. Only all women are alike, and you the most exasperating of the sex. You see that it would break my heart if these white people took you away from me, and love to torture me after the Indian fashion."

"After the Indian fashion? No—no. You white men know how to give a keener pain than we know of. We only torture the limbs. You wring the life out here. That is what you are doing when you take this proud white woman to the lodges of our people, that she may scoff at us among her own."

As Okalona spoke she pressed both hands upon her heart, and her great black eyes were full of the pain she described.

Men do exist to whom the passionate struggle of doubt and hope in a woman's soul is sweet incense to their own overweening vanity. With Roach this feeling was blended with a degree of astonishment that human passions could be so much alike in the palace and in the forest. To him this bright beautiful creature was a marvel of contradictions, that aroused all that was simply human in his own nature to action. If he could have loved any human being on earth better than his own interests, it would have been this

wild, half-tamed Indian girl, who stood in all her stormy beauty before him. He had told her no more than the truth, when he assured her that her company on his journey would make it a delightful pleasure-trip, and her announcement that she would take no share in it stung him with keen disappointment. Nay, more than that: it threatened to demoralize all the arrangements which had been so adroitly made with Lady Fausbrook. He stood a moment, staring in pale anger at the girl, hardly able to believe her.

"Is this the truth?" he said at last. "Can that sweet-faced girl have been plotting to deceive us all this time? Is she going with the Governor's party—or is all this said because of your senseless anger? Tell me the truth, Okalona!"

Okalona drew herself up and walked away towards the house without vouchsafing look or word in answer to his appeal.

For some minutes Roach stood among the shadows, reviewing the position he was in with swift calculation. At last he resolved on the first step to be taken, and as Okalona disappeared in the hall, he took the same direction himself.

Nothing could have been more composed than his appearance when he addressed a servant at the door, spoke of the hour being late, but desired that Lady Fausbrook should be informed that a person was waiting to deliver a message to her from Sir William Johnson.

The servant disappeared, and returned with a request that Roach should follow him up to her ladyship's apartments. My lady was quite alone, seated by a window and looking out upon the dusky clearing that lay between her and the woods, which lengthened out like a vast black ocean far beyond her powers of sight. She was pale, and looked anxious, for the expedition she had planned might well have taxed the nerves of a braver woman.

"You have come to inform me that all is ready?" she said, with a look that seemed almost to solicit a contradiction. "After all, it is a fearful undertaking. When I look on that weird plain of darkness, that the clouded moonlight only suffices to make more gloomy; when I think that I must sleep in it to-morrow night, it—it almost terrifies me."

"I do not wonder that your resolution gives way a little," said Roach, approaching the window.

The lady looked up, and saw the anxiety in his face.

"No—no, I do not mean that; of course I go—must go!"

"But there is some change—Dahionet and Father Meda have already gone westward with the tribe."

"Leaving the girl and—as you seemed anxious about that—her savage attendant to go on with me. I have managed to arrange that it should be so."

"But, my lady, they do not join our party; but will go down the Hudson to-morrow, with Governor Clinton."

"Down the Hudson? My good man, you must be mistaken!"

"I am afraid not."

"But who told you this?"

Roach hesitated an instant; then a disagreeable smile came to his lips, and he answered:

"I got it from the young Indian girl herself."

"And you have seen her to-night? I understand!" said my lady, with a smile kindred to that still lingering around the young man's lips. "Yes—your information must be correct."

"If the object of your journey was in any way dependent on the movements of the missionary's daughter, I thought perhaps—"

Lady Fausbrook lifted her hand, as if his words disturbed some train of thought that possessed her.

"You are right," she said, after a while; "without this girl Angela, this journey would be miserably lonely, and far more dangerous; for I had depended on her popularity with the Indians to secure their welcome. Still, something can be done. You have the old missionary's confidence?"

"Yes; he almost recognized me as a relative."

"Took you into his cabin, perhaps?"

"Not exactly; the presence of his granddaughter was in the way—but I was there often."

Again Lady Fausbrook fell into thought; the evil spirit within her was hard at work.

"These lodges—are they closed with locks and keys, like our houses?" she questioned.

Roach laughed a little.

"A wooden latch, lifted by a leather string that dangles through a gimlet-hole in the door, is the nearest approach to a lock that I have ever seen among the tribes; and they are only found in the abodes of the missionaries. I remember there is one at Father Meda's lodge."

"Then you have only to knock, and walk in?"

"Or walk in without knocking," answered Roach, who read more in my lady's countenance than appeared in her words. "While Miss Angela is absent, the cabin will be almost always empty; for her grandfather has established schools, not only in Skaniateles, but in other villages on the two lakes, and sometimes is away from his lodge days together."

"When the young lady is absent, he might,

perhaps, invite you to share his lodge," suggested the lady.

"I have no doubt of it."

"And you read Italian?"

Roach hesitated.

"Oh, I see," continued my lady; "that is an accomplishment we do not often find among the trading-classes; but without that you might perhaps save me from this long ride in the wilderness."

"Pray explain. I would do anything on earth to oblige you," said Roach, drawing a chair close to the window where my lady sat, and leaning toward her with a degree of familiarity that made the patrician blood mount to her cheeks.

"Oh, it is only a caprice," she answered, with a light laugh, but drawing herself back a little. "I have been told that this old missionary brought a quantity of rare books into this country, especially a splendid old Bible and some illuminated missals, such as cannot be bought anywhere. I have a passion for such things; they interest me as nothing else in art can. It was to examine these books, and offer the old man a sum large enough to give broader scope to his Christian charities, that I intended to make this journey among the Cayugas; but now that the only white woman among them stays behind, the danger seems too great. If I could only get a competent person to undertake the risk, and examine this rare collection for me, I too would accept Governor Clinton's invitation, and go back to New York, for a time at least."

John Roach listened to all this with downcast eyes and a faint smile on his lips. The lamps in those days shed but imperfect radiance through the rooms, even of a palace, or my lady might have seen gleams of triumphant consciousness come and go in his eyes, as if her words were opening new ideas to him.

"For my brother's sake—" he was beginning to say, but she interrupted him:

"Your brother would have found me a liberal patroness had he known how deeply his future might have been blended with my interests—may be yet."

The look which accompanied these words brought a singular smile to the young man's lips.

"My brother and myself are as one person."

"I know it!" said the lady, with a swift flash of the eye.

"So far as your ladyship is concerned, I mean to say."

"Oh, certainly."

"I may not possess all the knowledge requisite to a just estimate of the antique treasures you wish to possess, but all that I have is at your service. The escort is ready. At daybreak I can be at its head, anxious to do my best in your behalf."

"And you will take all this trouble to please me?"

"Oh, that will be nothing. Remember I am at home in the woods, and have no greater ambition than that of serving you."

Lady Fausbrook held out her hand; its slender fingers wound themselves closely around his.

"It is of no consequence that you are ignorant of the language in which these books may be written," she said, in her sweetest accents. "There will be writing in them—annotations, perhaps — that will indicate the subject and authorship. Besides, you sketch with the pen, and can copy the old black letters of the title-pages, but more especially every word of the writing."

"Yes; I understand."

"And you will do this?"

"By daylight I will be in the saddle."

"One thing more: there may be papers—old fragments of manuscripts, for which I have an equal value—"

"Which I will copy or bring to you."

"Such things men like the missionary keep without understanding the value more cultivated people put upon them; but to me they would prove treasures."

"There shall not be a scrap of paper that will escape me."

"Ah, how can I thank you?"

"Be my friend, as I will be your slave—devotedly, blindly—by forgetting the immeasureable distance between us that makes even a slave's homage presumption."

The faded coquette neither took her hand from the clasp that held it, nor frowned upon the man. Such women feed on flattery with greater eagerness as they feel all claim to genuine admiration passing out of their meretricious lives.

The young fur-dealer scoffed at her puerile vanity in his heart, but bent reverently over her hand as he resigned it. When he was gone, Lady Fausbrook rose from her chair and moved up and down the room, rearranging her plans, and sometimes laughing softly to herself.

"There has been some underhand movement here," she thought, with a thrill of satisfaction that she had escaped the necessity of a long and perilous journey, which had taxed all her courage in anticipation, and secured a certain espionage over the girl she both feared and hated, amid scenes far more congenial to her taste than a series of camp-fires in the wilderness.

"Yes, they will find me of their party," she thought; "an unexpected delight to some of them, I dare say. Ah! that is Fausbrook's step."

The lady was right. Fausbrook came into the room, with a clouded and anxious face, which changed but little when his mother came forward with both hands extended, bright and smiling.

"I have come to take your commands," he said. "At what hour will it please you that we should be ready to start on this wild expedition?"

"My dear Arthur, and you really intend to be my escort? I shall never, never forget this; for it proves that you really love me still. But you do not care to go. It is a great sacrifice you are making for your mother."

"No, no. Let that pass," answered the young man, dropping the hands she had offered him, with a constrained bow.

"But you think me selfish, exacting, stubborn in my own self-will."

"Why should you say this, mother? No one accuses you."

"In your heart you condemn all that I am doing. This longing to see the Indians in their own homes seems like a madness."

"Something like it, I must confess," answered the young man, softened by her caressing manner so far that a faint forbearing smile came to his lips. "I do assure you, mother, the danger is great."

"For you as well as for me."

"Soldiers are not apt to calculate upon danger to themselves. It is of you I am thinking."

"How good of you; but all the more reason that others should think of the danger that must not extinguish a great race for this caprice of mine. No, my son, I will not exact this of you. My heart is stronger than my fancies, and love of my only son more powerful than anything else. I will neither drag you through the fatigue and peril of this wild project, nor encounter them myself. For once, dear, your judgment has conquered mine. To-morrow morning the young man Roach, who was to lead our Indian escort, will depart without me."

The cloud was swept from Fausbrook's face; his eyes brightened, his lips smiled; this time his hands sought those of the mother.

"Are you in earnest? Have you really seen the madness of this project?"

"I have seen how impossible it is to set up my own will against yours, my Arthur. Oh, how much more would I give up to be sure that you love me as you did before that awful night."

As she said this, the woman's voice was full of tears; her arms stole around the young man's neck, and she held up her mouth to be kissed, as a sensitive child seeks conciliation.

Fausbrook's heart warmed toward the woman he had once loved so dearly; he kissed her with something of the old tender reverence, and when she withdrew softly from his arms, tears stood in his eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGAIN and again that great roomy coach, with its white body and painted panels, its deeply-fringed hammer-cloth, and heavy wheels, went up and down that long steep street that ran from the Governor's temporary mansion, on the hill, to the wharf of heavy logs that ran into the Hudson, where the Huron, a noble vessel, for the times, lay, dipping her bow to the stream, ready to convey Clinton and his guests to the Empire City.

As the carriage, with its four proud horses curveting under their crested harness, drew up on the wharf, and the gay inmates came tripping down its iron steps, that rattled like chains under their light feet, a boat lay ready to transfer them to the Huron. Then, with a great dash of hoofs, and groaning of wheels, the ponderous vehicle swept around on the wharf and dashed up the hill for a fresh load, followed by curious eyes from the citizens gathered on the door-steps and at the windows, open-mouthed with admiration of this great display. Last of all, the coach came lurching and swinging down the hill with Governor Clinton in the back seat and Lady Fausbrook by his side. The middle seat was occupied by Grace Morton and Angela, and in front Okalona crouched, laughing gleefully as the jerk or upheaval of the coach sent her headlong into the lap of my lady's maid, who sat, prim and majestic, in another corner of the seat, with her back to the horses.

On either side of the carriage an escort of mounted horsemen from Colonel Fausbrook's regiment fairly kindled up the street with their scarlet coats, and lent a wild clatter of hoofs to that of the four horses in harness.

At the wharf Lord Fausbrook dismounted and stood ready to escort the ladies to a barge. A few words of whispered farewell to Angela, which Miss Morton took good care not to interrupt, and Lady Fausbrook beheld with cold, sidelong glance, and he saw the barge put off with a purpose in his mind that one person in the boat, at least, comprehended; for Grace answered the farewell gesture of his hand with an encouraging smile, and waved her handkerchief long after she joined the merry group on ship-board, that hailed their approach with silvery laughter and

waving hands. Fausbrook stood on the extreme edge of the wharf, following the barge with wistful interest, till Governor Clinton stepped on board the Huron. Then came the thunders of a salute from the fort; the "yo, heave'o" of sailors lifting the anchor; and the hoisting of sails that quivered and flapped like eagles' wings as they took the wind.

When the Huron gave her bow to the stream a crowd of the citizens stood upon the wharf, and groups were scattered along the street, watching her progress down the river. Foremost of all, Grace Morton and Angela, who had kept their place, at the stern of the vessel, saw a gleam of scarlet against the black surroundings, and knew that Fausbrook was watching them to the last.

Grace looked at her friend as the crowd melted away in the distance, and saw that her eyes were full of tears, then turned away, smiling at her own thoughts. Lady Fausbrook, also, who had found a seat close by, and was made comfortable under the folds of an India shawl, carefully arranged by her maid, eyed the girl's face with soft, cautious glances, such as a patient cat gives to the mouse that she is not quite ready to pounce upon.

Then the Huron glided down the dense solitude of the stream, as a swan breasts the crystal waves of a lake fed by mountain springs, with the forests on either side opening out here and there in slopes of grass and ferny hollows, each a picture in itself, or broken up by clearings, in which a few houses were scattered, which now form the towns and villages that people the great river to its source. The season was very beautiful; for, though the Indian summer was only approaching with its balmy breath and dropping nuts, the early frosts of September were each day burning bright tints among the trees.

As the vessel came sweeping past the Catskill Mountains, clothed with grand old trees, and lifting their peaks from the dark bosom of the forest to the blue of the skies, a cloud of smoke, issuing from a ravine that cleft two vast hills asunder and sloped roughly down to the water's edge, broke up their solitary grandeur; for there a tribe of River Indians had built their rude castle of logs and crowded their wigwams up the ravine, in a straggling village, wild as it was picturesque.

Governor Clinton was on deck when this nest of savages came in view, and was turning to summon his guests, when his arm was grasped by two eager hands, and the dusky face of Okalona, all aglow with enthusiasm, was lifted to his.

"Look, look! they are wigwams. That is a castle. Some of our people are up yonder; you can see them moving. They are wondering over this big canoe with its great white wings. How little they know that the daughter of Dahionet is here. Ah, if I could but leap ashore."

"But you cannot," said the Governor, looking down upon the wild eagerness of the girl with good-natured admiration. "You belong to us now."

"No, no. I am an Indian, all Indian; a savage—that is what the lady calls me, and I hate her."

"Hate my lady? Oh, Okalona, that is bad taste. I cannot permit you to hate my lady, for she is too sweet-tempered to avenge herself; besides, she takes great interest in your people."

"Oh, yes! she wishes to go among them and learn their ways. Just make this canoe shut its wings, send her up yonder, tell them that she delights in taunting Okalona, and they will teach her their ways, never fear."

Here the girl broke into a fit of laughter, and her little feet began to move upon the deck, taking the first steps of a war-dance, while she flung her hands out towards the Indian village as if eager then and there to begin the education of Lady Fausbrook.

The Governor was a little shocked, but could not deal severely with the mischievous creature, and only shook his head in smiling reproof, while he went to the top of the cabin-stairs and called out:

"Come—come on deck, my lady; here is something you are longing to see!"

The bevy of ladies who were amusing themselves in the cabin came swarming up the steps, eager for any novelty that might present itself; and among the foremost was Lady Fausbrook.

"There, my lady," said Clinton, pointing to the ravine, "you have all the romance of savage life at a single view. Yonder uncouth square of logs you can see just within the jaws of that mountain gorge is an Indian castle, and those conical affairs that look so much like hay-stacks, with smoke coming out of the top, are the dwellings you were so anxious to occupy."

Lady Fausbrook shaded her eyes with one hand while she looked towards the mountains in search of the objects that Clinton was pointing out to her with a glow of good-natured sarcasm on his kindly face.

My lady gazed a moment on the wild scene, then drew back shuddering, but proudly refusing to admit the consternation she felt.

"It was for a sight like this that you were willing to travel days and weeks in the wilderness: crouching in canoes; jostling through swamps and trees, on horseback or on foot;

through an undergrowth full of serpents, and by the dens of wild beasts."

"No, no! I did not expect to encounter all that!" said my lady. "Besides, other women have taken such journeys."

"From a sense of duty, and in order to aid their fellow-men," said Grace Morton, glancing at her friend Angela, on whom my lady's eyes had fallen invidiously. "Such women stake their lives on the issue."

"But they are safe—always safe," cried Okalona, dashing into the little crowd. "The medicine-men of our tribes are not more sacred than the missionaries that come among us, when they are good—when they are good. The wild beasts seem to know about it, and keep away from them. Angela is never afraid; but this lady—wouldn't the rattle of a snake make her jump? Wouldn't the sight of a hungry wolf, loping over the sward with his eyes on fire and his blood-red tongue swaying from his mouth, frighten the life out of her? Or a great bear, ready to hug her to death? They would swallow her, red-heeled shoes and all!"

Lady Fausbrook turned upon the little savage, pale and frightened, but with a proud lift of her hand, thinking to awe the creature into silence; but suppression with Okalona was impossible; her eyes danced with malicious joy when she saw that these words had frightened the blood from the woman's face. But, just then, a soft hand was laid upon her arm, and turning she saw the face of Angela bent on her with a look of almost stern reproval. Under that light touch the girl lost all her savage fire, and shrunk away from the group.

The Huron had drifted by the ravine, and the Indian village was out of sight; the group of guests broke up and was scattered about the deck; when Okalona was discovered in the seat Lady Fausbrook usually occupied, with the shawl, that had been carelessly left there, gathered around her like a blanket, out of which her dusky face appeared, audacious and bright with rebellious laughter.

Grace Morton saw this and turned away her head, that no one might see a smile that hospitality to her uncle's guest forbade. Lady Fausbrook saw it also, and, for a moment, was struck dumb with astonishment; then with a faint scornful smile she turned to her maid.

"When that young person has done with my shawl, you can cast it overboard," she said, and descended into the cabin, without appearing to give the subject another moment's consideration.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"MIO PASSIONE INFELICE."

BY WALLACE LYON HUBBS.

SMILE again, thou cold deceiver,
Just one sweet smile ere we part.
Smile on thy poor weeping lover,
Thou alone canst heal his heart!
Smile again, thou cold deceiver,
For all love your soul denies.
Hide, oh, hide, the word heart-rending,
Under friendship's kind disguise.

You say, sweet girl, "I've insulted!"
Is it insult to love thee?
Let me worship thee, my angel,
I'd die for thee, happy be!

But this heart, warm in my bosom,
You delight to torture so;
Smile again, oh! cruel maiden,
On this sad heart, then 'twould glow.

Not the bird upon the heather,
Proudly flies o'er sunny toon;
Nor the small wee dancing fairy,
Underneath the autumn moon;
Nor the poet, when the blindness
Of successes fills his e'e,
Feels divine and saintly rapture,
That your smiles would furnish me.

WHY?

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

I CANNOT tell you why I love you.
Ask the dewdrop on the rose
Why it falls and rests so softly,
Ere the lovely leaves unclose.

I cannot tell you why I love you.
Ask the bird who sweetly sings
Why he trills his tender carol,
List the answer which he brings.

I cannot tell you why I love you.
Love were lost if it could speak.
But your voice is as the bird-song,
As the dewy rose your cheek.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

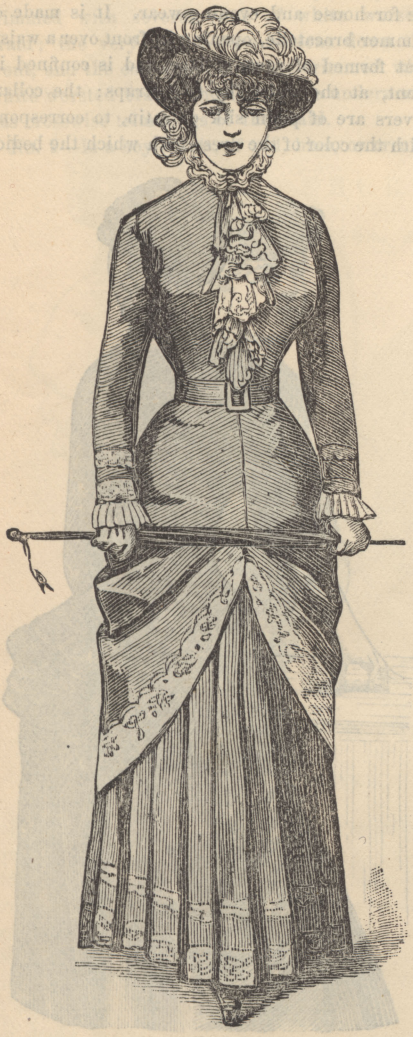
No. 1—Is a morning-dress, of plain and checked sateen, trimmed with muslin embroidery. The jacket of the checked sateen has a waistcoat of the plain sateen, and is trimmed with a ruffle of the plain material, edged with the embroidery. The skirt is of the checked material, with flounces, edged with the embroidery, and with knife-plaitings of the plain.

No. 1.

No. 2—Is a walking or house costume, made of black striped grenadine. The skirt is trimmed with many narrow knife-plaited ruffles; and the jacket-basque, which is plain in front, has drapery at the back, which is looped up and confined by bows of black satin ribbon and jet buckles. Steel, pearl, or gilt buckles would look very well, but not really so stylish as the jet. The collar is of black lace, beaded with jet.

No. 2.

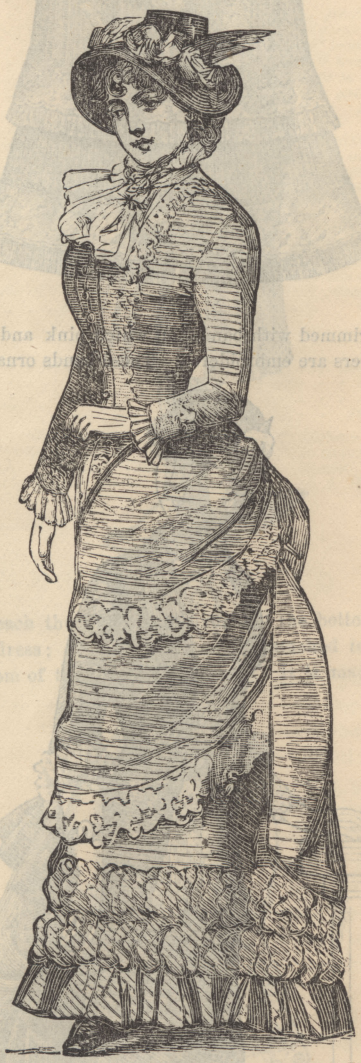
No. 3—Is a walking or house-dress, of gray batiste; the skirt is laid in lengthwise plaits, and at the bottom is trimmed with embroidery; above this is a band of the batiste, then a



No. 3.

band of narrow insertion, which is laid in with the plaits; a very narrow knife-plaiting should be placed under the embroidery at the bottom, to protect it from the dust. The tunic is closed part way down the front, is then drawn back and carelessly looped at the back; it is edged with embroidery; the waist is round and plain, and a leather belt and buckle is worn with it.

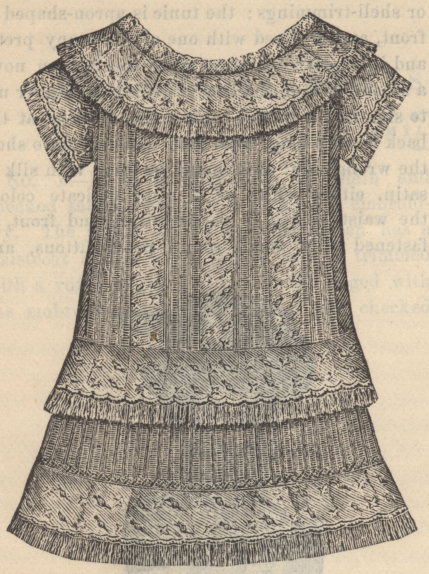
No. 4—Is a house or visiting-dress, of white pine-apple gauze; the skirt is trimmed with a gathered ruffle, above which are two full-quilled or shell-trimmings; the tunic is apron-shaped in front, and is edged with one of the many pretty and inexpensive laces so much the fashion now; a second row of the lace is placed on higher up, to simulate a double tunic; the drapery at the back is very long, and then doubled up to show the wrong side: this should be lined with silk or satin, either white or of some delicate color; the waist, which is pointed back and front, is fastened with small round pearl-buttons, and



No. 4.

trimmed with lace, which narrows down at the point.

No. 5—Is a frock, for a little girl, and is made of cream-white or of colored bunting. It



No. 5.

is trimmed with bands, on which pink and blue flowers are embroidered. These bands ornament the front of the frock, form the sleeves, and a bertha around the neck, and two frills around the skirt. With this dress, a high white bodice, with long sleeves, should be worn underneath.

Nos. 6 and 7—Are the front and back of a bodice for house and evening-wear. It is made of summer brocatelle, opening in front over a waistcoat formed of rows of lace, and is confined in front, at the waist, by two straps; the collar-revers are of plain silk or satin, to correspond with the color of the dress with which the bodice

No. 6.

No. 7.

is worn. The sleeves reach to below the elbow, and have a lace ruffle which is turned back from the arm. The back of the bodice is laid in short, broad plaits; or it can be made to open in the back, over a puffed skirt. A bodice of this kind is economical: as with it, old skirts may be rearranged and worn; or it itself may be made of an old dress-skirt. If not of good material, however, but little lace should be used in front. In that case it might be made quite close, or else made with a plain silk or satin vest.

No. 8—Is a summer-suit, for a little boy. It may be made of any color, but blue flannel is exceedingly pretty for cool days. Hollands, piqués, and plain chintzes are very suitable for wash-dresses. The skirt is kilt-plaited, and trimmed with several rows of white worsted braid; the very long blouse buttons down the front, and the collar and cuffs are trimmed with white worsted braid; the skirt-piece underneath has crosswise trimmings of the braid.

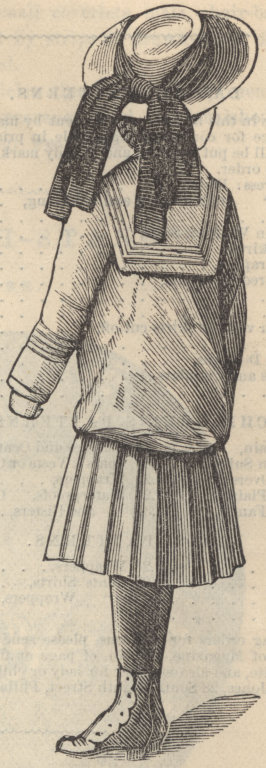
No. 9—Is a boy's suit, of red, blue, or cream-

No. 8.

colored serge, or of white piqué; it has a plaited skirt, a blouse-waist, and a sailor-collar, which is very deep at the back, and is trimmed with five rows of braid. The collar in front comes in a deep point down to the bottom of the blouse-waist, and opens over a striped Jersey; or there might be a piece of the serge inserted, and braided *crosswise*, not lengthwise.

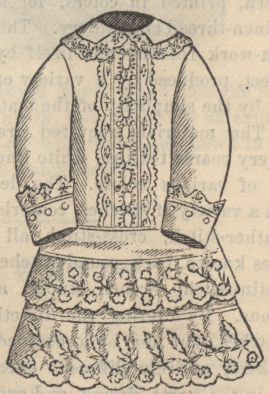
No. 10—Is a frock of white jaconet, for a little child; the skirt is almost formed by the two rows of embroidery. The front, collar, and cuffs are trimmed with the embroidery.

No. 11—Is a costume of blue albatross, for a little girl; the upper garment is just long enough



No. 9.

to reach the embroidered ruffle at the bottom of the dress; or the ruffle can be attached to the bottom of the albatross garment. It is made to



No. 10.

fall straight but closely in front, and at the back has several seams to fit it to the figure. The

collar is of linen, edged with embroidery; and there is a wide bow of ribbon at the back of the skirt.

LADIES' PATTERNS.

Any style in this number will be sent by mail on receipt of full price for corresponding article in price list below. Patterns will be put together and plainly marked. Patterns designed to order.

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In sending orders for Patterns, please send the number and month of Magazine, also No. of page or figure or anything definite, and also whether for lady or child. Address, Mrs. M. A. Jones, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

No. 11.

GERMAN LINEN-THREAD EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We give, in the front of the number, a double-size pattern, printed in colors, for a Quilt in German linen-thread embroidery. This old German linen-work recommends itself by its rich, glossy effect, produced by a variety of stitches, as well as by the simplicity of the materials employed. The materials required are Russian crash of very coarse texture, white linen thread, and silks of various colors. The designs are worked in a variety of stitches, comprising stem-stitch, feather-stitch, cross-stitch, all the various stitches known, background-stitches, crewel-stitch, satin-stitch, French knots, and their combinations. By altering the direction of the several stitches, and also by a modified arrangement of them, entirely different effects can be produced in the same design, and every opportunity is thus given to a clever worker for displaying taste and ingenuity. It is not necessary, however, to use all these stitches: excellent effects can be produced by a very few; you need not know all these fancy stitches to secure nice work. Besides being of thorough artistic appearance, this linen-work stands any reasonable amount of washing and hard wear, and is, therefore, specially suitable for quilts, toilette-covers, sideboard-cloths, chair-backs, and similar articles.

We give only a portion of the Quilt in our colored plate, but enough for the purpose, for it is worked in separate squares (one of which we give complete), and joined afterwards by insertion of drawn-work. On two subsequent pages, at the tops of the pages, we give two designs for borders for this Quilt, to be executed in repeats, and the whole finished by a smooth or knotted fringe made of unraveled threads. For stitching the thick and coarse material, which it is necessary to use for the foundation of the quilt, a very strong and well-tempered needle ought to be chosen, and the thread used double. Notice where the drawn-work comes in, around the centre of each of the squares. It should be borne

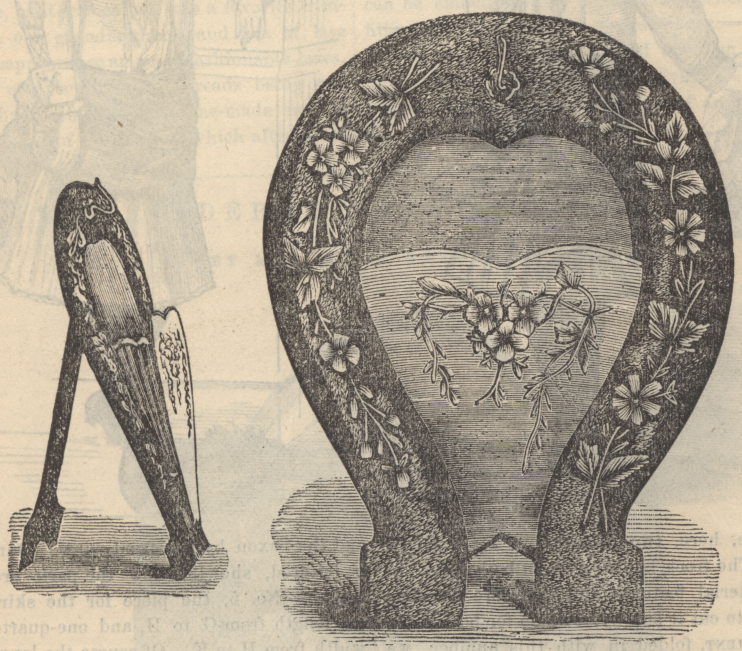
in mind that the lines of drawn-work and the borders of continuous design contribute much to the artistic appearance of the work, if their positions are judiciously chosen.

The same style of work can also be adapted to silk embroidery on fine linen, as shown in the two designs for D'oyleys, on the same page as the borders. Colors may be introduced in the D'oyleys if wished, at the taste of the person working them. The silk must be very fine and smooth, and the colors ingrain. Squares worked in this manner, and on various colors, can be joined to small coverlets, mats, chair-backs, and intersected by strips of drawn-work, or of lace, if preferred.

The articles thus composed present a very refined appearance, and, if furnished with a stout lining, wear well.

HORSE-SHOE WATCH-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The frame of this novel and tasteful watch-stand is in plush, either crimson, peacock-blue, or moss-green, embroidered with trails in colored silks or gold thread. A hook receives the watch, and a cardboard panel, fitted into the hollow, is covered with silk, and finished by an embroidered pocket, set on with flutes, as shown in the side view of the watch-stand.

DESIGNS ON SUPPLEMENT.

On the SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, are two very new and beautiful designs for the work-table.

I. BUNCH OF PINK GERANIUMS in embroidery. The geraniums are of the hue termed Christine, pink with white centres; the green leaves are of the brightest golden-green; and the zonal stripes of a shade darker. The stems a green-brown tint; the veinings of the leaves green and brown; the latter to match the stems.

II. BORDER FOR CURTAIN. The birds are to be worked in Kensington-stitch, or satin-stitch. The scroll-work may be in braiding, or Kensington-stitch, or outline-stitch.

GIRL'S FROCK: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, here, two illustrations for a Girl's Frock. The frock is the same, in both cases, in all its material features, and therefore the same patterns, to cut it out by, will do for both. On a SUPPLEMENT, folded in with this number, we give the patterns for it, full size. They are six in number, viz.:

No. 1.—FIRST PIECE FOR FRONT.
No. 2.—SECOND PIECE FOR FRONT.
No. 3.—FIRST PIECE FOR BACK.
No. 4.—SECOND PIECE FOR BACK.
No. 5.—HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 6.—QUARTER OF WIDTH OF SKIRT.

The two frocks are called respectively the Princess frock and the Saxon frock, the latter from the ornamentation in front resembling that worn by the old Anglo-Saxons. They are suitable for a little girl of from six to eight years of age.

The Princess is illustrated by the back view, and the Saxon by the front view. Our pattern is lettered, showing how the parts are put together. No. 5, the piece for the skirt, shows the length from G to H, and one-quarter of the width from H to K. Of course the length of the skirt must be determined by the size of the child. Make a two-inch hem on the skirt.

For the Saxon frock the plastron is a straight piece fulled on, and it is ornamented with feather or honey-comb stitches, worked in silk; or in-grain cotton if for a wash-dress. The sleeves are done in the same manner. Cashmere, serge, surah silk, pongee, are all suitable, as well as all washing fabrics. Of the latter, the self-colored satins or fine-checked ginghams are the prettiest. A wide sash of the material ties in a large bow and ends at the back.

We also give, on the SUPPLEMENT, two beautiful designs in embroidery, which are described in another place.

PATTERN IN RUN LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Run lace, as it was called, was a favorite trimming with our grandmothers, and has of late made its reappearance amongst fashionable laces. It is easy of execution, the threads being run through the meshes of machine-made net to form the outline of the designs, which afterwards can be embellished by a few fancy stitches and fillings, as indicated in our wood-cut. Colored thread or silk has also a good effect on a white or black net. The pattern we give, by being repeated, will make a strip of lace of any length; it is a very effective one.

EMBROIDERED TRAVELING-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

Summer is approaching, and traveling-bags will be more than ever in use. We give, here, a design by which an old traveling-bag, if not broken, may be "made as good as new." This is done by covering it with dark-faded green plush, on which a suitable bunch of flowers is worked in cross-stitch over canvas, which is afterwards drawn out. The case is cut to fit the bag, and when embroidered, joined together, so as to slip the bag in. Small straps fasten the case across the top. Leather handles can be bought and attached to the rings on the steel or iron band. During the past two years we have given several designs, any one of which would do for the bunch of flowers, and we shall give others during the present year.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HINTS ON HOW TO DRESS.—A famous London doctor said, in a recent lecture, that "dress should be to the body what language is to the mind." In other words, it should be, to a certain extent, the exponent of one's individuality. Slavishly to copy the fashions, we have always condemned. Our advice has been to learn, in the first place, what the prevailing fashions were, and then, in the second place, to adapt them to your person, style, complexion, etc.

To achieve this object, a lady must study two things, viz: form and color, at least as regards herself: form, in reference to her height and breadth, as compared with others; and color, in respect to complexion, hair, eyes, etc. In regard to form, there are certain rules which must never be neglected. Thus, a stout woman should avoid perpendicular stripes in dress, as, although they give height, they increase fullness; and horizontal stripes should be avoided by short or very stout people. Large patterns should be discarded by short people, and left to the tall ones, who can manage to carry them off gracefully. The former must also beware of wearing double skirts, or tunics short and bunchy in shape, and also of lines made across the figure by flounces or trimmings, which cut it in the centre. The short and stout must also dress the hair high: at least, as much so as the fashion of the time will allow.

A dress cut high behind, or high on the shoulders, gives the benefit of the whole height of the figure, and a horizontal line of trimming across the neck, bust, or shoulders decreases the apparent height of the wearer. Full and puffed sleeves are an improvement to most figures, except very stout ones, to which the plain coat-sleeve, not cut too tight, is more suitable. Very light colors should be avoided by those who are stout, as their size is thereby much increased, whereas by wearing black materials it is diminished. Any attempt to increase the height by a very high or large head-dress should be avoided, as such an enlargement of the head dwarfs the figure. A lady with a prominent or large nose should beware of wearing a small bonnet, and no one over thirty years of age can afford to have a shadow thrown on her face from too large a hat or bonnet, as that increases the apparent age.

In making dresses for young girls, when they happen to be very thin, great attention should be paid to the fact, and every endeavor made to hide deficiencies by means of extra fullness of trimming in the bodice and skirt. They are often made fun of for this, as they are for a little extra stoutness, which is very cruel and foolish. One of their great troubles is usually very skeleton-like arms. This defect shows itself in a very painful manner, and both elbows and shoulder-bones are "quite too" visible, even in a thick dress. This was remedied by a wise mother of our acquaintance by placing a little layer of wadding between the lining and the material of the dress, which gave an extra thickness to the sleeve, and hid all deficiencies of contour. In the opposite case, that of over-stoutness, the young girls' dresses should all be made in the "Princess" style, as the long, straight, flowing lines downwards reduce the apparent breadth. The back-drapery should be full, but very narrow, and not too high up.

With these general rules borne in mind, any lady, who takes a good fashion magazine, can always dress well; for she must, of course, know first what the fashions are, before she can adapt them to herself.

DECORATING SUPPER TABLES, ETC.—We are often asked, by subscribers living remote from the great cities, what is the latest style for decorating supper-tables, dinner-tables, etc. We answer that there are almost as many ways as persons, and that individual taste is often better than mere fashion. Nevertheless, we mention a few styles, which, at least, may serve as hints. For example: low baskets, with or without handles, may be placed down the centre of the table, filled with white flowers and maidenhair, each basket tied round with white ribbon. Between the flowers, high dishes with fruit and fancy cakes may break the line. Or a table may be arranged with maidenhair fern, laid flat on the table round the base of every dish, and various flowering plants standing in glass or china vases down the centre. Wreaths of roses of every color may encircle a plateau of looking-glass, on which baskets or vases are placed; and if the table is very large, baskets filled with flowers are certainly the prettiest decoration; but for effect the flowers should be of the same sort and color. A white table, with masses of yellow blossoms, alamanda, chrysanthemums, or even daffodils or primroses, is most effective. Violets intermixed with the latter are admissible. White azaleas, or bright rose-colored rhododendrons, look well until the summer season provides the queen of flowers, when roses can be used *ad libitum*. A single flower, for the buttonhole, at each plate, is a pretty attention to the male guests. If flowers are scarce, the fine trails of the small ivy can be trellised all over the table with excellent effect; but to insure success in all table-decoration, there is no doubt that one color alone should be chosen and kept to. It is wonderful how prettily a table can be dressed with the blue and white china now so easily procured at small cost, provided good shapes are chosen and suitable flowers used. Bowls full of pink roses, common garden-flowers, or wild ones, are alike effective. Blue china goes well with wall-flowers or chrysanthemums. Laburnum blossom may be very well arranged as a fringe to baskets or bowls, and if white china be used, lilac blossom looks well, though its shade is not really bright or gay enough for a wedding breakfast. Wild-flowers, especially, are very pretty, and if gathered immediately before being used, will generally last through the entertainment. The great point in using these, as in everything else, is to be original and individual, provided always taste reigns paramount.

A PERMANENT PATTERN FOR A DRESS is what every lady should have. Every girl, especially, who makes her own dresses, should have one. Such girls, in some respects, are greatly to be envied. They almost invariably fit themselves well. We think all those, however, should have a "permanent pattern," and make all their own bodices at least. The skirts can be bought ready-made, or can be given to a dressmaker to make and trim. But what is a "permanent pattern?" you will ask. It is a bodice of thick linen, cut to one's exact measurement, and made to fit perfectly, and then all taken to pieces ready to serve as a pattern for all future dresses. Of course, a good dressmaker must make it first for you.

A NEW VOLUME of this magazine begins with the July number. To those, not wishing back numbers, now, therefore, is an excellent opportunity to subscribe. The copyright novelet, "A Romance of Fifth Avenue," will be begun in the July number.

OUR UNRIVALED PREMIUMS FOR 1883.—Our premiums for getting up clubs for this year are unusually fine. One is the steel-engraving, (27 inches by 20,) "Christ Before Pilate," *the most wonderful picture of the century*, as is everywhere admitted. The enterprise of "Peterson," in engraving this magnificent work of art, at a cost that would stagger ordinary publishers, is conceded, on all hands, to be beyond precedent. *Every family in the land ought to have a copy of this superb engraving.*

But as there are some persons who already have their walls covered with engravings, or may prefer something else, we offer, *in place* of the "Christ Before Pilate," either our Illustrated Quarto Album, a very beautiful ornament for the centre-table, or a handsome Photograph Album. In all such cases, however, say which Album is preferred.

For many clubs, an extra copy of the magazine will be sent. For others, and larger ones, a copy of the engraving or either of the Albums. The inducements to get up clubs were never before so great, and probably will never be so great again. See offers on second page of cover. Specimens are sent, gratis, if written for, to get up clubs with.

OLD LACE IS MUCH more valuable than new, for this reason, among others, that it is generally all woven in "lost" patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French Revolution. Before that time whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by an oath taken on the Four Gospels to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all business of this sort was interrupted for a time. After the storm subsided, the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands; and such of the women as remained, were bound by their oath to work for but one. And this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there are instances where they suffered actual want, rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in diamonds.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR are of all kinds. Large jet butterflies, mounted on quivering wire, are among the latest novelties for fair hair. Very little ornament is worn in the hair, however, as a general rule, and the fashion of frizzy heads is slowly vanishing. It has been the custom, lately, for young girls and ladies to cut their hair short, and very slightly wave it, if there is no natural curl or wave. There is usually the centre parting; but the hair is cut on the forehead. It may be a good thing, when the hair is weak and thin, but it is not a generally becoming fashion, and the eye turns with pleasure to a shapely head, with its rich coils of hair low on the neck.

COMPARE THE COLORED FASHIONS in this magazine with those in any other. Ours are engraved on steel, and printed from the steel-plates, and then afterwards colored by hand. The rest of the magazines either give no colored fashions, or give lithographed ones, or colored wood-cuts, in every way inferior to ours, and net costing half as much.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to give all the patterns, etc., etc., asked for by subscribers. We would have to print a magazine ten times as big to do it. But we give those that seem to be most in request, thus obliging as many as possible.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made, at the price paid by the rest of the club, *at any time during the year.* And when enough additional subscribers have been sent, you will be entitled to another premium, or premiums, precisely as if it were a new club. Go on, therefore, adding to your clubs and earning premiums. Back numbers, to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired.

"SPARKLING AND BRILLIANT."—The Horticultural (Col.) Press says of the last number of this magazine: "It is sparkling and brilliant as usual, every page full of just the kind of reading to make glad the heart of the weary wife and mother, when she sits down for the evening to rest, after the little ones are safely tucked in bed."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Admiral's Daughter. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Hoyt & Co.*—It is a little curious that a lady who has written two such capital novels as "Her Dearest Foe" and "The Wooing O't," could write—or even having written, could consent to publish—so prosy a story as this "Admiral's Daughter." The plot, in the first place, has no originality, but is substantially the same old one that has been worn thread-bare long ago. In the second place, granting the author had worn out her inventive faculty, and had no new material, she would have made a much more tolerable novel if she had told her tale in half the compass. Her last story, "The Freres," inferior as it was to her earlier ones, was yet vastly better than this, which is really spun out beyond all example, and has hardly a redeeming feature in it.

Gideon Fleyce. By Henry M. Lucy. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—We have here a new claimant for popular favor, and one who may be said to have "won his spurs" in his very first tourney. The plot of the book is quite novel. It turns on the secret assassination of an old miser, but is so artistically managed that the reader does not suspect the real culprit until the very end. Considering how difficult it is to invent anything new in the way of a plot, this is very high praise; but it is not the only merit of the book, for the characters are forcibly drawn, and some of the scenes are depicted with great power. We recall few things, in fact, so powerful as the chapter in which the dead man sits in his chair alone all night, with the dagger sticking in him. It is quite in the manner of Dickens.

Book of Health and Humor for the Million. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Baltimore: The Charles A. Vogeler Co.*—A very excellent compilation, by Mr. H. D. Umbstaetter, of original, copyrighted, humorous articles from such racy writers as "Uncle Remus," the editors of the "Texas Siftings," "Spoopendyke," of the Brooklyn Eagle, etc., etc. It is copiously and characteristically illustrated, and is in every way a noteworthy publication. The taste, in fact, which can put together a collection like this, is almost as rare and enviable a quality as the original humor itself.

Home Gymnastics. By Professor T. J. Hartelius, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a treatise on the Preservation and Restoration of Health in Children, and young and old of both sexes. It is profusely illustrated, which adds greatly to the value of the text, because it enables the reader more thoroughly to understand it. The work originally appeared in Swedish. It seems to us quite the best of its kind.

Fanchette. "*Round Robin Series.*" 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.*—The scene of part of this tale is laid in Washington; the rest of it on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The story is full of vivacity, and is carried on from beginning to end without break, as Wilkie Collins, no mean judge in such matters, says all novels ought to be.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

NOT FOR YEARS has the demand for "Peterson" been so active as this year. We are in receipt of hundreds of letters explaining this. One lady sends a club, and adds: "This makes twenty-three years I have got up a club for 'Peterson.'" Another says: "There is not anything else which can take its place." Another: "We thought we would do without 'Peterson' this year, but find we cannot, so I send a club again." Another: "I now enter on my twenty-ninth year of subscription to your magazine." Other so-called lady's books are merely the advertising sheets of New York or Philadelphia dry-goods dealers, or dress-makers. "Peterson" is the only one that is really what it professes to be, and has no pecuniary interest in recommending any particular styles. What it says, therefore, about the fashions, can always be relied on.

IMITATION BAKING POWDERS.—*To The Public:* The public is cautioned against the practice of many grocers who sell what they claim to be Royal Baking Powder, loose or in bulk, without label or trade-mark. All such powders are base imitations. Analyses of hundreds of samples of baking powders sold in bulk to parties asking for Royal have shown them all to be largely adulterated, mostly with alum, dangerous for use in food, and comparatively valueless for leavening purposes.

The public is too well aware of the injurious effect of alum upon the system, to need further caution agaiust the use of any baking powders known to be made from this drug; but the dealer's assurance, "Oh, it's just as good as Royal," or "it's the genuine Royal, only we buy it by the barrel to save expense of can," etc., is apt to mislead the unsuspecting consumers into buying an article which they would not knowingly use in their food under any consideration. The only safety from such practices is in buying baking powder only in the original package, of a well-known brand, and a thoroughly established reputation.

The Royal Baking Powder is sold only in cans, securely closed with the Company's trade-mark label, and the weight of package stamped on each cover. It is never sold in bulk, by the barrel, or loose by weight or measure, and all such offered the public under any pretense are imitations.

If consumers will bear these facts in mind. and also see that the package purchased is properly labeled, and the label unbroken, they will be always sure of using a baking powder perfectly pure and wholesome, and of the highest test strength in the market. J. C. Hoagland, President, Royal Baking Powder Co., N. Y.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE in seasickness, is of great value. Its action on the nerves of the disturbed stomach is soothing and effective.

TESTED BY TIME.—For throat diseases, colds and coughs, Brown's Bronchial Troches have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price twenty-five cents.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

☞Everything relating to this department should be addressed "Puzzle Editor," PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Lock Box 437, Marblehead, Mass.

No. 195.—CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Words of three letters.

1. A morsel. 2 An animal. 3. Ancient. 4. A vessel. 5. An insect. 6 The goddess of revenge. 7. A female. 8. A marsh.

The centrals, read downward, name an opera.

Marblehead, Mass. GEESEE.

No. 196.—HIDDEN TREES.

1. Did Mr. Melrose woo Dora?
2. Where is the map? Let me see it.
3. Pshaw! I'll owe it to you.
4. A bee chased Carrie all around the garden.
5. Tom, spin Enoch's top for him.

Brooklyn, N. Y. MARTIN H. MARCHANT.

Answers Next Month.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

No. 193.

1. Dover, Doter.
2. Brave, Breve.
3. Delay, Decay.
4. Revel, Rebel.
5. Creak, Croak.

VALVE.

No. 194.

L O C O M O T I V E S
S A T I R I C A L
M I N A R E T
C O T E S
R O D
R

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞*Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Irish Stew is an economical dish, yet it is not everyone who thinks of making the stew of the remains of a joint; that is to say, of the bone when nearly all the meat has been taken from it. Cut the meat off in as neat pieces as may be, fat and lean together. Break up the bone and put it with the meat, then put all into a saucepan with plenty of sliced onion, twice as much raw potato peeled and sliced, and cold water or stock to cover. Simmer all gently for two or three hours, season liberally with pepper and salt, and serve in a soup tureen. If necessary, a little flour may be added to thicken the stew, but it is probable that this will not be required.

Mutton-Steak Pie.—Cut the steak in small pieces; to two steaks, put one pint of water, salt and pepper; stew until the meat is tender; keep it tightly covered; add one onion sliced. When the meat is done, stir in the gravy two tablespoons of butter rolled in one tablespoon of browned flour. Cut up one large-sized Irish potato into small pieces, and slice two hard-boiled eggs. Pour this into a dish lined with crust; cover with crust that has a small hole in the centre of it; bake for half an hour, and serve.

To Fricassee Old Chickens.—First stew them until tender. With a sharp knife remove the largest bones; flour the pieces, and fry them a light-brown color, and pour into a frying-pan a tumblerful of the broth they were stewed in. Dredge in an even tablespoonful of flour, cover the pan with a lid, and stew until the gravy is thick enough. Pour this over the fowl, and serve hot. Onion shred fine may be used if the flavor is relished, and parsley chopped fine.

VEGETABLES.

Potato Loaves.—Potato loaves are very nice when eaten with roast beef or mutton, and are made of any portion of the mashed roots, prepared without milk, by mixing with them a good quantity of very finely minced raw shallot,

powdered with pepper and salt; then beating up the whole with a lump of butter to bind it, and dividing it into small loaves of a conical form, and placing them under the meat to brown, that is, when it is so nearly done as to impart some of the gravy along with the fat.

Fried Tomatoes.—Wash and halve your tomatoes. Dredge each half with a little flour, pepper, and salt. Have the lard hot, and fry them brown on both sides. Place the tomatoes in a dish, pour the grease from the pan, add cream or milk, and let it boil up like fried chicken gravy. Pour over the tomatoes, and serve hot.

Cucumber Purée.—Peel the cucumbers, cut them into dice, and put them on the fire, very early in the morning, with vinegar, cayenne pepper, salt, a small onion, and a few celery-seeds. Stew gently until dinner-time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine breadcrumb, add a small onion stuck with three cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and salt to taste; let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small piece of fresh butter, and at the time of serving remove the onion and mace.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF FIGURED PURPLE FOULARD. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with surah silk of the color of the foulard, and edged with écru lace; the deep-pointed tunic is edged with two rows of lace, and above these are two other rows to simulate a second tunic; the waist is Princess, with paniers edged with écru lace, and the drapery at the back falls in soft puffs; the vest is made of surah silk, slightly gathered, the bodice being trimmed with écru lace; bonnet of purple straw, trimmed with écru lace and yellow roses.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF FINE PLAID PERCALE. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a narrow ruffle; the left side of the skirt falls in long straight plaits; the dress is Princess, the bodice buttoning from the right to the left side, and the skirt opens over the plaiting, and is gathered high up on the hip on the left side; the straight side is finished with large buttons, which form a continuous row from the neck of the dress down to the bottom of the skirt; the Princess back is laid in large full plaits underneath, like an ulster; the open-pointed neck of the bodice has a large cut-work collar, and the half-sleeves are trimmed with the same kind of embroidery.

FIG. III.—WALKING OR HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S PLAID. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with one deep gathered ruffle, ornamented with three rows of black velvet ribbon; the rounded apron-front is trimmed in the same way, and the drapery falls low and loose at the back; black silk jacket-waist, finished with a series of tabs around the bottom, and ornamented down the front with brandebourgs.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHAMOIS-COLORED SATEEN, figured with small cocks in a darker shade. The dress is Princess, and falls in a long point in front, and is gathered high up on the hips; at the back it is in looped drapery, which does not fall very low; the underskirt is of plain sateen, kilt-plaits. Hat of dark-blue straw, trimmed with a grayish-green feather.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WHITE ALBATROSS. The skirt is edged with a narrow box-plaited ruffle; above this is an appliqué design in emerald-green silk—embroidery in Kensington or satin-stich would look beautiful on such a dress; the plain over-dress is rather short in front, and falls in long drapery at the back; the waist is trimmed with emerald-green silk; the chemisette is of soft India muslin, and is gathered at the waist; the bands at the throat and across the bust are of the silk, as well as the pointed cuffs.

FIGS. VI and VII.—BACK AND FRONT OF DRESS, OF BLUE SATEEN. The bottom is edged with two narrow knife-plaitings of the blue sateen; the skirt is trimmed with three kilt-plaitings edged with lace, embroidered with blue; the paniers are slightly crossed in front, and the drapery at the back falls in double loops and ends, edged with the lace; the round bodice has a plaited basque like the skirt; cream-colored fichu collar, worked in blue; the lace-trimming extends down the front of the bodice; the sleeves terminate with puffings to match the collar. Cream-colored torchon lace would trim a dress of this kind beautifully. We have also seen this style of dress in dark-red.

FIGS. VIII and IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF A BLACK GRENADINE DRESS. The skirt is laid in wide kilts; the short round tunic is draped as a scarf, and falls in a point at the back; the panier body is edged with black French lace, and has a lace plastron gathered at the waist; the sash ends at the back are trimmed with lace, like the paniers; the lace on the sleeves is carried to the elbow; a thick double ruche of lace encircles the throat. Nun's-veiling or albatross-cloth, of any color, trimmed with lace or embroidery, looks well made after this pattern.

FIGS. X and XI.—BACK AND FRONT OF JACKET, MADE OF THIN WHITE LADY'S-CLOTH. The close-fitting jacket has a plaited basque added, which is headed by a band of myrtle-green velvet; the same material is used as a band, front and back, and also forms the collar and cuffs.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF LIGHT-BROWN STRAW, trimmed with feathers of the same color, and faced and trimmed with satin of a much darker shade.

FIG. XIII.—MARIE-DE-MEDICI JACKET, OF ALMOND-COLORED LADY'S-CLOTH. The basque is cut in quite long tabs, which are lined with chestnut-brown velvet, and turned up to form loops; the sleeves and cuffs are of the brown velvet; large brown-velvet buttons. Hat of almond-colored straw, and plumes of the same color, faced with chestnut-brown velvet.

FIG. XIV.—BASQUINE JACKET, OF BLACK BROCADED SATIN, trimmed with black lace. The basque is laid in plaits, where it opens, up the centre of the back; the collar and cascade in front are of lace, put on as a jabot, and the pockets and cuffs are of gathered lace.

FIG. XV.—HAT, OF COARSE WHITE STRAW, trimmed with apple-green surah silk, and apple-blossoms.

FIG. XVI.—BONNET, OF WHITE ENGLISH STRAW, trimmed with clusters of large variegated pansies, the elastic stems of which pass under a band of the lilac ribbon which trims the bonnet, and which is tied in a bow back of the right ear; a quilling of the ribbon is placed at the back.

FIG. XVII.—GARDEN-HAT, OF COARSE STRAW, either brown, white, or black, trimmed with field-flowers, poppies, and daisies; a large gauze veil to match the straw covers the hat, and is fastened to the hat or hair behind.

FIG. XVIII.—BONNET, OF MYRTLE-GREEN STRAW, covered with rows of cream-colored lace. The trimming consists of two loose rosettes, one of myrtle-green, and the other of cream-colored satin ribbon, which are formed by loops and notched ends; these rosettes are placed nearly on the top of the bonnet; strings of myrtle-green satin ribbon.

FIG. XIX.—HAT, OF COARSE BLACK STRAW, trimmed with lace and yellow daffodils.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing absolutely new in the fashion to chronicle at this season of the year. The thin dresses have the ruffles usually gathered, rather than plaited, but this fashion is optional. "Pinking," which was so very fashionable a few years ago, is again coming in favor. This is a particularly pretty finish to the flounces of summer silks; it is done usually by machinery, often at an umbrella store; some ladies can do the simpler patterns themselves. Still, if it is not neatly done it has a very ragged look. Earlier in the season short over-dresses seemed to prevail,

but now long ones are dividing popular favor, and these latter are usually more becoming to short persons.

But see, for general fashions, our Paris letter.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I do not think I have ever seen a season in which there were so few marked changes in the fashions. Perhaps this arises from the fact that the styles, for at least a year past, have been eclectic; that is to say, every lady has worn the shapes and colors that best suited her particular physiognomy. The most prominent difference, so far, has been in the shape and size of the new hats and bonnets. The very large hats are rapidly disappearing, though one sees here and there, at a fashionable milliner's, a very big Gainsborough in colored straw, elaborately trimmed and loaded with ostrich plumes. Such hats are less and less seen on the heads of the elegant Parisiennes, however. The baby, or Kate Greenaway shape, is still worn, but with the warmer weather even that is being replaced more and more by the close coquettish capote, which is made smaller than ever. It now fits the head as closely as a nutshell does its kernel. Colored straws are the rage, comparatively few white ones being worn. They are of the fine English braid, and are shown in all the fashionable dark colors, such as navy-blue, olive-green, garnet, and seal-brown. They are usually trimmed with flowers in contrasting hues, massed around the edge of the bonnet both in front and at the back. Some of the newest braids show a mixture of dead-gold or old-silver that is very tasteful. A braid of gray silk and old-silver, trimmed with large rosettes of pale-blue velvet ribbon, has a very stylish effect. Fruit is a good deal used on the small-sized poke bonnets, cherries and plums being the most fashionable, though small lemons and oranges are used with good effect. Velvet geraniums, arranged in shaded wreaths of three shades of red, are exceedingly effective and rich-looking. They are placed around the crown of a straw bonnet in a band three flowers deep, the top row being of the brightest shade of red. Gold braid bonnets are shown for evening-wear; the gold is bright and glistening, and the bonnet is trimmed around the brim with single loose-petaled roses in crimson and scarlet velvet, the strings being in dark-red corded ribbon. A very novel style of bonnet is made of a thick bias piping, or rather cording, of dull-pink surah. The cording is sewn round and round on the small capote frame till it meets the front, which is formed of two ruffles of narrow white Spanish lace over dull-pink surah. A cluster of ostrich-tips, in the same color, is placed at one side of this very odd and coquettish little headgear. A new kind of tulle, called Persian net, has been introduced for summer bonnets. It is firmer and more durable than the ordinary tulle. A capote made of this net, put on very full over the frame and trimmed with white lilacs around the brim, forms a delicious dress-bonnet. The strings are plaited scarfs of the tulle. Black Spanish lace is a favorite material for dress-bonnets for elderly ladies. These bonnets are now ornamented with the head and neck of some brilliant tropical bird, usually with bright orange plumage, which is placed at one side. Clusters of marigolds or of dandelions are also employed, yellow being the favorite hue for such trimmings.

Worth is employing some very small figured brocades with changeable grounds, and also small-patterned brocaded satins for his recent costumes. Long straight polonaises in black silk, with trimmings of jet in the sleeves and corsage, are worn over elaborately-trimmed skirts in black brocaded surahs or gauzes. One curious style that he has introduced is that of confining the plaits of a short full overskirt around the waist with points of velvet like those on the interior of a backgammon board, a similar series of points extending upward on the waist. He is now making the trains of ball-dresses in brocade and satin with a breadth of brocade extending down the centre of the train, which is cut square at the end, the side-breadths being in satin. The corsage is in brocade, and the skirt-front in graceful scarf-draperies of brocade and satin. The corsage is made with very deep points, well stiffened with whalebone, and half-long coat-sleeves, fitting the arm closely. Very full draperies of velvet and lace, or of satin and lace, border the square opening.

Worth's favorite colors for evening-wear this season are a new faint-lilac which he trims profusely with white lace, a delicate reddish-mauve which he combines with the new Alicant-red (a shade much resembling the hue of old sherry), and a brilliant gold-yellow. This last is, of course, only suitable for brunettes; but in tulle, embroidered with silver and made up with a satin train of the same color, it is extremely effective.

For walking-costumes, full plaited skirts in cashmere, with flat breadths of velvet set under the plaits, are much worn, as are also full plaited cashmere skirts made short enough to show three rows of satin gathered flounces set under the edge of the plaits. A band of écru embroidery forms a handsome finish for the upper skirt.

Mantles in jetted silk gauze, or in brocaded gauze, trimmed with Spanish lace, are very fashionable. A very beautiful new trimming is a finger-wide silk lace in pale tapestry tints, intermixed with gold and silver.

The new fans of the season are large, with plain violet wood sticks, the leaf being on gold gauze edged around the top with gold lace. A spray of flowers is fastened to one of the outer sticks.

The newest parasols are very large, are dome-shaped, and are composed of black or white lace put on very full over a colored silk lining, and edged with a frill of lace. A cluster of flowers is attached to one side. A rather absurd novelty is the unlined parasol of white lace, which is dome-shaped, has an ivory handle, and is decorated at the top with a large bow of cream-white satin ribbon. Of course this pretty dressy trifle makes no pretense at sheltering the lady who carries it. Sometimes the lace is dotted with pearls, and the satin bow fringed with pearls.

Besides the Alicant-red (which is a tint between brown and crimson), the new colors are the hanneton (cockchafer), a delicate bistre-brown, with silvery reflections, and the Gobelin pinks, blues, and greens, which are faded old-tapestry shades of those colors.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF DARK-BLUE FLANNEL. The trousers are rather close-fitting to the knee; the blouse is confined below the waist by a narrow leather belt; the long collar is fastened by a ribbon at the point in front; the vest, which fastens at the side, is of the flannel. Blue Scotch cap.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF WHITE AND DARK-BLUE BUNTING. The lower part of the skirt is of the blue bunting, plaited; above this is a kilt-plaiting of white bunting; the long blouse-waist is of white bunting, with collar and cuffs of the dark-blue bunting, trimmed with white braid; the vest is of blue and white bunting, striped crosswise. White hat, trimmed with white feathers and faced with dark-blue silk. Dark-blue stockings.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF PINK PERCALE. The skirt and waist are cut in one, and the dress is gathered front and back to fit the figure loosely; at the bottom of the skirt are two ruffles of the percale, edged with white embroidery; above these ruffles is a sash or band laid in loose plaits, and tied at the back, with the ends trimmed with the embroidery. The large collar and cuffs are also trimmed with the embroidery. White chip hat, trimmed with white feathers and pink surah.

A JOYFUL GREETING.

Hello! How are you? I am glad at last your eyes have fallen upon me. Now that we have met, pray cultivate the acquaintance; for it is my purpose to interest and to serve you. Between you and I, though only a magazine article, I am ambitious. Having a portentous message for all mankind, if it be cordially received, its import truly realized and acted upon, I shall be considered a world's benefactor. Could have no higher ambition, you will admit.

A misanthrope, of ample means, determined to end his life by drowning himself. Going to the banks of the canal, found the time not favorable for the purpose, a number of persons being in the vicinity, and daylight still present. He concluded to walk along the tow-path until it was dark. While doing so, he heard piteous cries issuing from the door of a hovel near by, and unconsciously walked over to the place, and found a poor family, consisting of a mother, surrounded by several children, who told him of their sufferings for food. He took from his pocket his wallet, and handed it to the woman, reasoning with himself that he would not need it. The grateful thanks and praises that he received from the recipients of his bounty awoke emotions within his breast, of such a pleasurable character, that he changed his suicidal intent, and decided to live for others. His future life became replete with good deeds; many a dark home and heart were made bright by his presence.

Well, my appearance in these columns springs simply from a desire on the part of those I represent to benefit your news-devouring race. My province is to help you, your friends, your relations—aye, even your *mother-in-law*, if that interesting lady be not already far beyond the pale of good influences.

I am sent among men to bear tidings of a discovery that marks an epoch as important to the health of mankind as Newton's apple and Franklin's kite were to natural science. The sick, the discouraged, the dejected, the broken down, and the despairing, may now all find a cure, certain as the Jordan proved to the Syrian leper. It is only necessary, as in the case of that sufferer of old, *to follow directions.*

The agent which I herald builds up the system, sweeps the cobwebs from the brain, and sends pure invigorating blood dancing through the arteries, to the music of happy laughter.

The gloomy, worn-out man of business, by proper use of this wonderful medicine, will be enabled to meet trouble and reverses *like a man.* Then, in perfect health, he will not have abnormal views of the "Vicissitudes of fortune, which spares neither man nor the proudest of his works, which buries empires and cities in a common grave."

The weak and nervous woman, just able to drag herself, in "moping melancholy," through duties of the day, may steal the bloom from blush-roses, and have eyes bright and sparkling as the dewdrops nestling in their leaves; and the poor little baby, now disfigured with pimples and scabby sores, may be made sweet, cool, and wholesome as—"that youngster of Mrs. Blank's, across the way, whose family is always in a glow of health." Don't you know the reason? "No." Then I will tell you. For years, your neighbor has *never been without* Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

This remedy is a medicine, not a beverage, and is to be taken according to full and perfectly plain directions accompanying each bottle. It is specific, but not a patent medicine, and contains no vile narcotics, or viler liquor. It is a prescription, used for years by the well-known physician, Doctor R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose name is a household word in innumerable homes all over our own and foreign lands. The Golden Medical Discovery is prepared and offered to the public by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, a body corporate, existing by and under the laws of the State of New York; its president is Doctor Pierce, the great specialist in chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted the best years of a very busy and wonderfully successful life to the relief and cure of his suffering fellow-men; and at a time when high political honors lay broadly open before him, Doctor Pierce resigned his seat in the Congress of the United States, simply from a sense of duty towards others. His associates in the great sanitarium represented to the doctor that the immense business of their Association demanded that his personal attention should be paid to the great army of patients crowding upon them from every clime. Doctor Pierce is also the founder of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y. This establishment, possessing all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class American hotel, has in addition the daily attendance of a large faculty of eminent specialists, whose practices collectively cover the whole field of surgery and chronic diseases. The laboratory in which Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is prepared is an object of interest and wonder. It has a frontage of one hundred feet, a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet, and is six stories high. In this mammoth and palatial workshop, two hundred persons are constantly employed in putting up Doctor Pierce's medicines.

While the Golden Medical Discovery's curative effects are almost immediately felt, it is not merely a temporary stimulant, but is as certainly a safe and complete cure, in all cases for which it is recommended, as it is that certain misery and death will follow their neglect. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery *will not* cure club-feet, will not refurnish armless or legless unfortunates with new and perfect limbs, and it is not guaranteed that even a dozen bottles, applied to any stray portion of a second-hand skeleton, will develop such member into an animate human form divine (?). In brief, it is not asserted that this medicine will, or can, counteract the decrees of Providence. But in all cases where a high state of civilization and cultivation has engendered disease and suffering, whereby God's natural man has become a nervous artificial being, the Golden Medical Discovery *will positively* restore to him the strong, vigorous, self-asserting life, from which, almost unconsciously, he had drifted far, and perhaps hopelessly

away. It *is* claimed, and guaranteed, if this medicine be used as prescribed, and faithfully persevered in a reasonable time, *it will permanently cure* liver complaint, and the various blood disorders consequent upon torpor of the liver, in all their various forms and ramifications, including bronchitis, consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, sick-headache, skin diseases, fever and ague, malaria, and other disorders arising from poisoned or deteriorated blood.

This wonderful medicine cures all humors, from the worst scrofula to a common blotch, pimple, or eruption. Erysipelas, salt-rheum, fever-sores, scaly or rough skin—In short, all diseases caused by bad blood—are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great eating ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influences. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing tetter, boils, carbuncles, scrofulous sores and swellings, white swellings, goitre or thick neck, and enlarged glands. Consumption, which is scrofulous disease of the lungs, is promptly and positively arrested and cured by this sovereign and God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages are reached. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumptive night-sweats, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. For indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver, or "biliousness," Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

To all suffering from lassitude, weariness, despondency, lack of vigor or ambition—be it man, woman, or child, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will speedily impart new tone, vigor, and life to the whole system. The haggard face will grow round, ruddy, and beam with the expression of long-lost confidence. The step will be firm and elastic, and the relieved sufferer will once more enjoy in common with fellow-men that feeling of proprietorship in earth, air, and being, only fully realized by those in perfect health.

The Golden Medical Discovery will not make drunkards or opium eaters. On the contrary, any unfortunate, driven by trouble, adversity, or inherited appetite, to the use of insidious stimulants, will find the Discovery of great assistance in efforts to break the chains binding him to a shameful and miserable existence.

Those feeling only "out of sorts," with no predominant symptoms, and who, if asked, would find it difficult to explain their sensations, will find a sovereign remedy in the Golden Medical Discovery.

Those who are irritable, petulant, or fretful, ever seeing the gloomy side of life; who imagine "the time is out of joint"; to whom life is a heavy burden, not a blessing; who think the whole world is arrayed against them, and anticipate calamity at every turn; to all such let this message be full of encouragement and joy: Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will radically cure them, when it will be found, to their lasting benefit, that life and the world have not changed, but that disease had thrown clouds of misery and woe about them, through which all things were seen as "through a glass darkly."

Let no sufferer be discouraged because he or she has tried other medicines without benefit. In fact, these are the cases the World's Dispensary Medical Association particularly desire to reach through their Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. *When all other medicines, fail let this be tried*, and no one will be doomed to further disappointment.

The Golden Medical Discovery is a prescription of a physician with a wide-awake reputation, and an honorable position to maintain. It is far beneath the dignity of Doctor Pierce to lend his name to any vile nostrum or catch-penny preparation, whereby the public may be deceived. Having used his Discovery for many years in his unprecedented private practice, he is convinced it is indeed a specific in diseases mentioned. Desiring this marvelous cure shall benefit not only those with whom he comes personally in contact, but that all mankind may be embraced in his grand plan for the amelioration of human suffering, the Doctor, through the World's Dispensary Medical Association, earnestly and most confidently recommends his Golden Medical Discovery to the public at large, assured the most skeptical will be thoroughly convinced of its worth by a trial of a single bottle.

In stubborn or long-seated affections, and where the bowels are very costive, the gentle though certain action of the Discovery will be more rapid and satisfactory by supplementing Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets in small daily doses of one or two. These pills (the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills) are *purely vegetable*, sugar-coated, and very small; yet by the peculiar process used in their preparation, they possess the strength and virtue of larger and unpalatable pills. Pleasant Purgative Pellets will speedily remove all ill and disagreeable effects arising from over-eating or drinking, and are recommended as a cathartic, at all times, being perfectly safe, sure, and unattended by the griping pains usually experienced in the use of purgatives less carefully prepared. Promptly resorted to, these little Pellets will radically cure indigestion, biliousness, and sick-headache, thus saving the patient from serious and lingering disorders. Doctor Pierce, the President of the World's Dispensary, and his faculty of twelve skilled specialists, can be consulted by letter or in person in any case of chronic disease, requiring either medical or surgical treatment, free of charge. For those desiring more exhaustive information than can be imparted through correspondence, the Doctor has written a book, called "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified."

This work alone is a goodly harvest for an ordinary life, and stamps its author a profound scholar and a very remarkable man. The book contains nine hundred and twenty-two pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-six wood-cuts and colored plates, and makes plain as a, b, c, anatomy, physiology, materia medica, practice of medicine, hygiene, temperaments, psychology, etc., and answers in plain, easy-to-be-understood terms all questions that may arise within their range, especially those questions the would-be inquirer is deterred by fear or modesty from asking the family or other physician. That all may be enabled to acquaint themselves with matter so vital to health, happiness, and success, the price of this great work has been fixed at one dollar and fifty cents, post-paid by mail to any address, while smaller and far inferior books, purporting to cover the same ground, have sold at five dollars a copy. It being the aim of the proprietors of the Common Sense Medical Adviser to reach not only the affluent, but also those in moderate, and even straitened circumstances, the price of the work places it within the reach of all.

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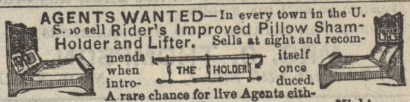

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Biliousness and Bilious Patients.

Pertaining to Bile, Bilious Symptoms, Bilious Temperaments. THE REMEDY.

The Bilious is a disorder of the human system. A technical definition of the term is this: "Pertaining to the bile; disordered in respect to the bile; as, a *bilious* patient; dependent on an excess of bile; as, *bilious* temperament; *bilious* symptoms.

The word bile, when employed in the sense in which it is to be understood in this article, signifies, according to the Dictionaries, "a yellow, greenish, bitter, viscid, nauseous fluid secreted by the liver." "Any derangement of the bile at once manifests itself in great bodily discomfort, in loss of appetite, and in despondency," recently remarked an author of a valuable treatise upon this subject.

The same writer further adds: "Some of the following symptoms are usually prominent: Pain in the right side, which is very sensitive to pressure. The pain will sometimes appear to be located under the shoulder-blade. There is also irregular appetite, flatulence, a sense of fullness in the region of the stomach, and, sooner or later, the skin and whites of the eyes become yellow, the stools clay-colored and the urine yellow, depositing a copious sediment." The balance of the too familiar train of ills needs no further mention here. The bilious is, as will be seen, an affliction of great magnitude, and of varied forms of direct and indirect appearance. The disease is no respecter of persons or localities. Its deadly and implacable enemy is found in

KIDNEY-WORT.

It acts on the liver and kidneys at the same time, and by its mild but efficient cathartic effects moves the bowels freely. The morbid poisons that have been the cause of all this disease and suffering will be thrown off; new life will be infused into every organ, and nature, thus aided, will soon restore the patient to health.

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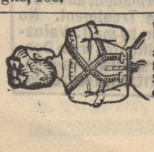

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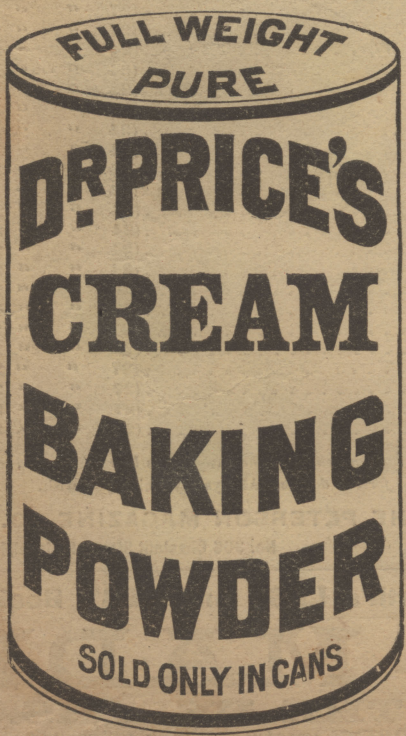

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